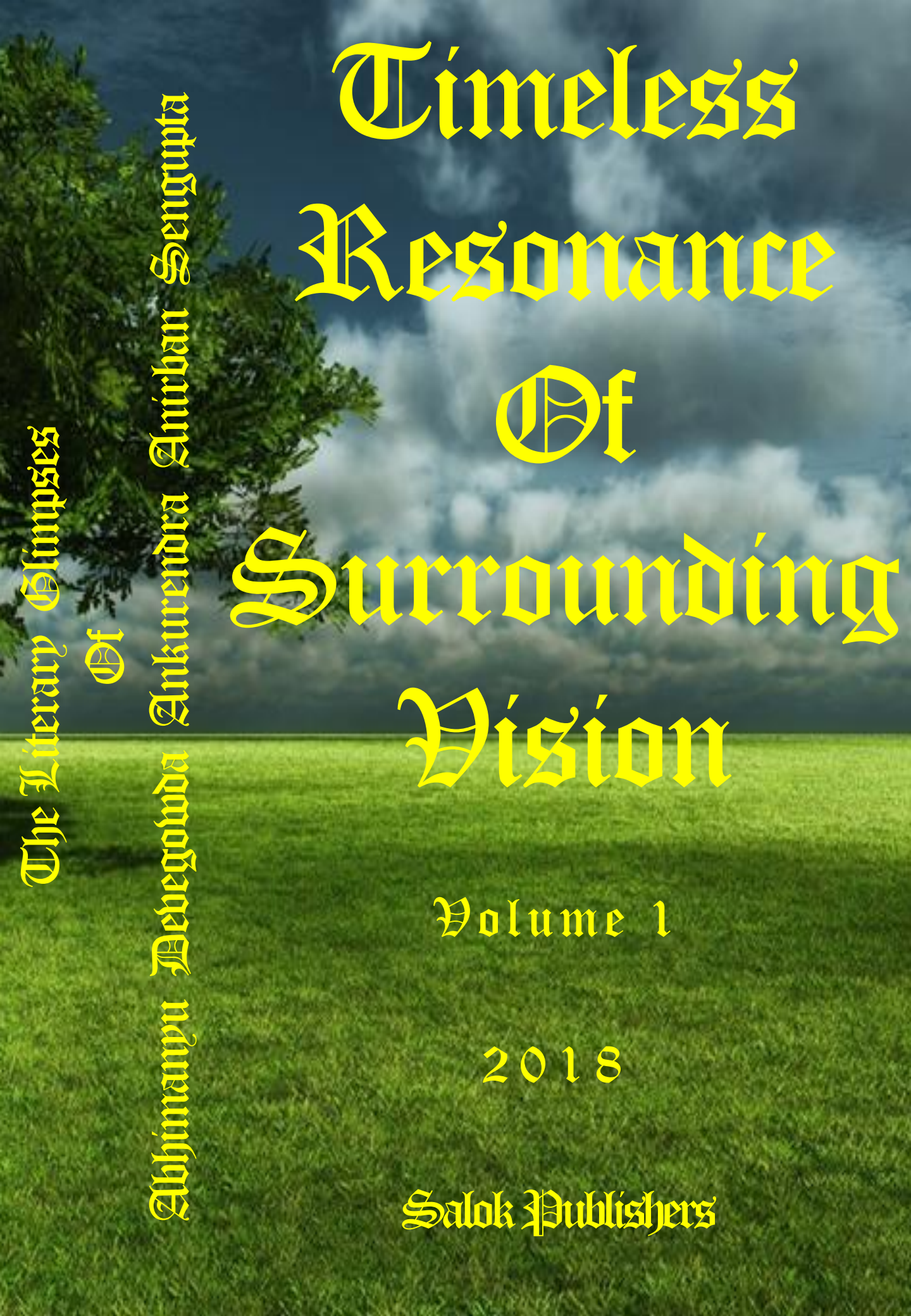

Timeless Resonance Of Surrounding Vision
Volume 1
2018
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The Literary Glimpses Of Abhimanyu Debegowda Ankurendra Anirban Sengupta

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TIMELESS RESONANCE OF SURROUNDING VISION

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The Literary Glimpses Of
Abhimanyu Devegowda Ankurendra Anirban Sengupta

Volume 1

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Bivashkanti Guptabakshi

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My sincerest gratitude to my teacher Mr. Bivashkanti Guptabakshi, family members, and also Bengali Literature for being my pillar of strengh to my readers for their constant suggestion and constructive criticism for the improvement of my books and to all follower of my Facebook Page.

1st April 2018
Abhimanyu Devegowda Ankurendra Anirban Sengupta

About The Author

Abhimanyu Devegowda Ankurendra Anirban Sengupta is an Indian Bengali author of this modern era. He has logic behind his literary works and others. His immense love for music particularly for Tagore Songs is unique. Specifically he is a complete admirer of Rabindranath Tagore. More over at this crisis moment he has a stronghold in his farthest corner of his heart for Bengali culture and music. Anirban was born on 1 June 1996 at Alipurduar, a former subdivision of the state of West Bengal and now become a district town. His father Partha Sengupta is a State Government employee and his mother Dipali Sengupta is a housewife.

Anirban was involved in literature from the early days of his life. His literal journey is still continuing. In his course of life he gained deepness and enough maturity in his thinking and he entered the world of literature. After that period his writing spread their steps hand to hand. Now he involves very much in writing and equally he is trying to gain knowledge about literature and technicality of writing as much as one can. Anirban started his literary career with script writing. At first he started his life as a writer with the romantic love poems but later on he continue his writing with the versatile topics of nationality, essays about social rituals and culture, nature, personalities, historical events, fantasy, science, philosophy and detective fictional stories etc.

Anirban started his career as a writer from the middle of the year 2010. He likes to write on different topics. From the childhood Anirban was interested in science but in latter life he becomes fond of literature. When he was in class 9th standard, he was interested in Bengali literature. He started his poetic life in this way. He started to take initiative to publish his poetry in various journals and periodicals. In the year 2012, he learned to write and poetical composition with specific rules of Bengali literature from his guru Mr. Bivashkanti Guptabakshi. In present time he research on about Evaluation of Bengali Race and Culture for new skills of subjects in his literary works.

He is reputed for his vast knowledge in literature and philosophy. After gained success in Madhyamik Examination he started his literary journey with the mastery excellence of Mr. Bivashkanti Guptabakshi. Very soon his talent in the field of literary direction came in limelight in Bengali literature and in front of Mr. Bivashkanti Guptabakshi. Anirban carefully read Marx and Engels and became a thought able person of Marxism in 2012.

About his writing style, he has said, “I have a special way of writings when it is dictated to me. No matter what the language of the draft, even if it is Hindi, I write it in Bengali. I have certain notations and markings to indicate the way it should be pronounced. Never take shortcut in the journey of life. There is no substitute of labor. Success is nothing but determination, honesty, hardbound and dedication. Your work is your religion. I use Rabindranath Tagore style and the personification of writing skill when a narrator understands.” According to Anirban, his very first influence in his life was his father and also mother. He also acknowledged that Bivashkanti Guptabakshi and The Bengali Polymath of Tagore family and Brahmo philosopher Rabindranath Tagore have always been his idols. Anirban said, “I use Rabindranath Tagore style and the personification of writing skill when a narrator understands. He also mentioned the name of Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay as his biggest inspirations towards modern Bengali literature”.

Bivashkanti Guptabakshi

Introduction

Obviously, there is no shortage of ordinary Bengali books. Especially for several centuries, many versions of different texts have emerged. Moreover, there is a published version of Visva Bharati. But why the selection of another selected compilation in the Internet edition! In this case we have very little to say. From 1996 to 2017 - there have been many reasons for the readers' change of taste in this long time. Today we have reached a century, where the logic of emotions is big, science continues. But the wonderful manifestation of the poet's mentality in the wide range of horoscopes of literature, the thinker, the society and the culture provides new ideas hidden in the eighteenth century. Poetry has been selected to find the armaments of the whole of the book, which will keep the readers alive for several centuries. Today, literature does not attract the reader equally. That's why we tried, publishing a compilation of ancient and modern biographies for the author's readers. Apart from the selected texts in the current set, there are several more compositions that cannot be currently published. We are brave to ridicule the unscrupulous business venture that has become strong in literature. We are eager to reach the hands of the readers of pure literature alone, not monitory purpose. If the reader reports any errors, then the next set will be corrected.

Mister Bivashkanti Guptabakshi
Editor of Timeless Resonance of Surrounding Vision
Salok Publishers, B. B. D. Road, Bholardabri, Alipurduar Jn. 736123

• Contents

- ❑ Essay
  - ❑ Relevant Modernity
  - ❑ Principles of Nutrition
- ➢ Drama
  - ➢ WhatsApp
- ❖ Poems
  - ❖ Mother
  - ❖ Win
  - ❖ The Dream In Our Mind
  - ❖ Black Knight
  - ❖ A Confused Traveler
  - ❖ My Days Beginning
  - ❖ Way of Thinking
  - ❖ Feeling of Resembling Mind
  - ❖ Day-Night
  - ❖ The Dead Are Alive
  - ❖ Dark Mind
  - ❖ Game of Fire
  - ❖ Time Is Not Enough
  - ❖ Tune
  - ❖ Hello
  - ❖ Gunbarrel
  - ❖ Light of The Sky
  - ❖ Global Warming
  - ❖ I Can
  - ❖ Speech of Birds
  - ❖ The Way of Literature; Crumbles of My Life
  - ❖ My Fiction Fluently Convert A Story
  - ❖ Poems Are Forever
  - ❖ Write Another Day
  - ❖ Soul
  - ❖ Harsh Reality
  - ❖ Fantastic Writer
  - ❖ Moonlight Sonata
  - ❖ Tagore Timeless
  - ❖ A Piece of Moon
  - ❖ Dark Fantasy
  - ❖ Direction
  - ❖ Negative
  - ❖ Protest of Circumstances

Relevant Modernity

At the continual fact of Bengal, Tagore works and limelight of his literary works were impressed to Bengal and others many countries of our world. Previous day, Mr. Bivashkanti Guptabakshi called me at midnight and he wants to know about the history of Indian National Anthem. I received the call and understand the fact of “Project Resound”. “Project Resound” is my research project and part of “Project Review” also a largely research by myself. “Tagore Songs” was created an abstract musical sense of the world, when that music throw down by auspicious vocalist, the great Rabindranath Tagore. At presented time, contextual modernism has broken and also some facts of fictional modernism spread in our Bengal music. Think that of 1911th when Rabi wrote the song “Jana Gana Mana”. The Brahmo hymn is the national anthem of India. Written in Bengali, the first of five stanzas of the hymn title “Bharat Bhagyo Bidhata”. It was adopted in its Hindi version by the Constituent Assembly in the year 1950 on 24th January as the national anthem of India. Tagore sung this lyrics on 26th December 1911 at the house of Dr. Nilratan Sarkar with the help of Dinendranath Tagore in Calcutta. Tagore performed the song at the live session of the Indian National Congress on 27th December 1911 and again in January 1912 at the annual event of the “Adi Brahmo Samaj”.

A few days ago William Butler Yeats said to a distinguished Bengali doctor of medicine, *`I know no German, yet if a translation of a German poet had moved me, I would go to the British Museum and find books in English that would tell me something of his life, and of the history of his thought. But though these prose translations from Rabindranath Tagore have stirred my blood as nothing has for years, I shall not know anything of his life, and of the movements of thought that have made them possible, if some Indian traveller will not tell me.'* It seemed to him natural that Yeats should be moved, for he said, *`I read Rabindranath every day, to read one line of his is to forget all the troubles of the world.‘*

Yeats said, *`An Englishman living in London in the reign of Richard the Second had he been shown translations from Petrarch or from Dante, would have found no books to answer his questions, but would have questioned some Florentine banker or Lombard merchant as I question you. For all I know, so abundant and simple is this poetry, the new renaissance has been born in your country and I shall never know of it except by hearsay. '*He answered, *`We have other poets, but none that are his equal; we call this the epoch of Rabindranath. No poet seems to me as famous in Europe as he is among us. He is as great in music as in poetry, and his sons are sung from the west of India into Burma wherever Bengali is spoken. He was already famous at nineteen when he wrote his first novel; and plays when he was but little older, are still played in Calcutta. I so much admire the completeness of his life; when he was very young he wrote much of natural objects, he would sit all day in his garden; from his twenty-fifth year or so to his thirty-fifth perhaps, when he had a great sorrow, he wrote the most beautiful love poetry in our language'; and then he said with deep emotion, `words can never express what I owed at seventeen to his love poetry. After that his art grew deeper, it became religious and philosophical; all the inspiration of mankind are in his hymns. He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of Life itself, and that is why we give him our love.'* I may have changed his well-chosen words in my memory but not his thought. *`A little while ago he was to read divine service in one of our churches---we of the Brahma Samaj use your word `church' in English---it was the largest in Calcutta and not only was it crowded, but the streets were all but impassable because of the people.'*Other Indians came to see Yeats and their reverence for this man sounded strange in our world, where we hide great and little things under the same veil of obvious comedy and half-serious depreciation. When we were making the cathedrals had we a like reverence for our great men? `Every morning at three---I know, for I have seen it'---one said to Yeats, *`he sits immovable in contemplation, and for two hours does not awake from his reverie upon the nature of God. His father, the Maha Rishi, would sometimes sit there all through the next day; once,*

upon a river, he fell into contemplation because of the beauty of the landscape, and the rowers waited for eight hours before they could continue their journey.' He then told Yeats of Mr. Tagore's family and how for generations great men have come out of its cradles. `Today,' he said, *`there are Gogonendranath and Abanindranath Tagore, who are artists; and Dwijendranath, Rabindranath's brother, who is a great philosopher. The squirrels come from the boughs and climb on to his knees and the birds alight upon his hands.'* Yeats notice in these men's thought a sense of visible beauty and meaning as though they held that doctrine of Nietzsche that we must not believe in the moral or intellectual beauty which does not sooner or later impress itself upon physical things. Yeats said, *`In the East you know how to keep a family illustrious.* The other day the curator of a museum pointed out to me a little dark-skinned man who was arranging their Chinese prints and said, *``That is the hereditary connoisseur of the Mikado, he is the fourteenth of his family to hold the post.''* He answered, *`When Rabindranath was a boy he had all round him in his home literature and music.'* Yeats thought of the abundance, of the simplicity of the poems, and said, *`In your country is there much propagandist writing, much criticism? We have to do so much, especially in my own country, that our minds gradually cease to be creative, and yet we cannot help it. If our life was not a continual warfare, we would not have taste, we would not know what is good, we would not find hearers and readers. Four-fifths of our energy is spent in the quarrel with bad taste, whether in our own minds or in the minds of others.'* 'I understand,' he replied, *`we too have our propagandist writing. In the villages they recite long mythological poems adapted from the Sanskrit in the Middle Ages, and they often insert passages telling the people that they must do their duties.'*

Yeats have carried the manuscript of these translations about with Yeats for days, reading it in railway trains, or on the top of omnibuses and in restaurants, and Yeats have often had to close it lest some stranger would see how much it moved Yeats. These lyrics---which are in the original, Yeats's Indians tell Yeats, full of subtlety of rhythm, of untranslatable delicacies of colour, of metrical

invention---display in their thought a world Yeats have dreamed of all Yeats live long. The work of a supreme culture, they yet appear as much the growth of the common soil as the grass and the rushes. A tradition, where poetry and religion are the same thing, has passed through the centuries, gathering from learned and unlearned metaphor and emotion, and carried back again to the multitude the thought of the scholar and of the noble. If the civilization of Bengal remains unbroken, if that common mind which---as one divines---runs through all, is not, as with us, broken into a dozen minds that know nothing of each other, something even of what is most subtle in these verses will have come, in a few generations, to the beggar on the roads. When there was but one mind in England, Chaucer wrote his Troilus and Cressida, and thought he had written to be read, or to be read out---for our time was coming on apace---he was sung by minstrels for a while. Rabindranath Tagore, like Chaucer's forerunners, writes music for his words, and one understands at every moment that he is so abundant, so spontaneous, so daring in his passion, so full of surprise, because he is doing something which has never seemed strange, unnatural, or in need of defence. These verses will not lie in little well-printed books upon ladies' tables, who turn the pages with indolent hands that they may sigh over a life without meaning, which is yet all they can know of life, or be carried by students at the university to be laid aside when the work of life begins, but, as the generations pass, travellers will hum them on the highway and men rowing upon the rivers. Lovers, while they await one another, shall find, in murmuring them, this love of God a magic gulf wherein their own more bitter passion may bathe and renew its youth. At every moment the heart of this poet flows outward to these without derogation or condescension, for it has known that they will understand; and it has filled itself with the circumstance of their lives. The traveller in the read-brown clothes that he wears that dust may not show upon him, the girl searching in her bed for the petals fallen from the wreath of her royal lover, the servant or the bride awaiting the master's home-coming in the empty house, are images of the heart turning to God. Flowers and rivers, the blowing of conch shells, the heavy rain of the Indian July,

or the moods of that heart in union or in separation; and a man sitting in a boat upon a river playing lute, like one of those figures full of mysterious meaning in a Chinese picture, is God Himself. A whole people, a whole civilization, immeasurably strange to us, seems to have been taken up into this imagination; and yet we are not moved because of its strangeness, but because we have met our own image, as though we had walked in Rossetti's willow wood, or heard, perhaps for the first time in literature, our voice as in a dream. Since the Renaissance the writing of European saints---however familiar their metaphor and the general structure of their thought---has ceased to hold our attention. We know that we must at last forsake the world, and we are accustomed in moments of weariness or exaltation to consider a voluntary forsaking; but how can we, who have read so much poetry, seen so many paintings, listened to so much music, where the cry of the flesh and the cry of the soul seems one, forsake it harshly and rudely? What have we in common with St. Bernard covering his eyes that they may not dwell upon the beauty of the lakes of Switzerland, or with the violent rhetoric of the Book of Revelations? We would, if we might, find, as in this book, words full of courtesy. *`I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers! I bow to you all and take my departure. Here Yeats give back the keys of my door---and Yeats give up all claims to my house. I only ask for last kind words from you. We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.'* And it is our own mood, when it is furthest from `a Kempis or John of the Cross, that cries, *`And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.'* Yet it is not only in our thoughts of the parting that this book fathoms all. We had not known that we loved God, hardly it may be that we believed in Him; yet looking backward upon our life we discover, in our exploration of the pathways of woods, in our delight in the lonely places of hills, in that mysterious claim that we have made, unavailingly on the woman that we have loved, the emotion that created this insidious sweetness. *`Entering my heart unbidden even as one of the common crowd, unknown to me, my king, thou didst*

press the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment.' This is no longer the sanctity of the cell and of the scourge; being but a lifting up, as it were, into a greater intensity of the mood of the painter, painting the dust and the sunlight, and we go for a like voice to St. Francis and to William Blake who have seemed so alien in our violent history. We write long books where no page perhaps has any quality to make writing a pleasure, being confident in some general design, just as we fight and make money and fill our heads with politics---all dull things in the doing---while Mr. Tagore, like the Indian civilization itself, has been content to discover the soul and surrender himself to its spontaneity. He often seems to contrast life with that of those who have loved more after our fashion, and have more seeming weight in the world, and always humbly as though he were only sure his way is best for him: *`Men going home glance at me and smile and fill me with shame. I sit like a beggar maid, drawing my skirt over my face, and when they ask me, what it is I want, I drop my eyes and answer them not.'* At another time, remembering how his life had once a different shape, he will say, *`Many an hour I have spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him; and I know not why this sudden call to what useless inconsequence.'* An Innocence, a simplicity that one does not find elsewhere in literature makes the birds and the leaves seem as near to him as they are near to children, and the changes of the seasons great events as before our thoughts had arisen between them and us. At times Yeats wonder if he has it from the literature of Bengal or from religion, and at other times, remembering the birds alighting on his brother's hands, Yeats find pleasure in thinking it hereditary, a mystery that was growing through the centuries like the courtesy of a Tristan or a Pelanore. Indeed, when he is speaking of children, so much a part of himself this quality seems, one is not certain that he is not also speaking of the saints, *`They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds. They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their*

ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.'

''''Santiniketan: The Making of a Contextual Modernism'''' was an exhibition curated by R. Siva Kumar at the National Gallery of Modern Art in 1997, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of India's Independence. The exhibition, through bringing about a hundred works each of four modern Indian artists, namely Nandalal Bose, Rabindranath Tagore, Ram Kinker Baij and Benode Behari Mukherjee on the centre stage, put the Santiniketan art movement into focus. Kumar argues that the "Santiniketan artists did not believe that to be indigenous one has to be historicist either in theme or in style, and similarly to be modern one has to adopt a particular trans-national formal language or technique. Modernism was to them neither a style nor a form of internationalism. It was critical re-engagement with the foundational aspects of art necessitated by changes in one's unique historical position". The year 1997 bore witness to two parallel gestures of canon formation. On the one hand, the Baroda Group, a coalition whose original members included Vivan Sundaram, Ghulam Mohammed Sheikh, Bhupen Khakhar, and Nalini Malani—and which had left its mark on history in the form of the 1981 exhibition "Place for People"—was definitively historicized in 1997 with the publication of Contemporary Art in Baroda, an anthology of essays edited by Sheikh. On the other hand, the art historian Kumar's exhibition and related publication, ''A Contextual Modernism'', focused on the Santiniketan artists Rabindranath Tagore, Nandalal Bose, Benode Behari Mukherjee, and Ramkinkar Baij. Of the Santiniketan artists, Kumar observed that they "reviewed traditional antecedents in relation to the new avenues opened up by cross-cultural contacts. They also saw it as a historical imperative. Cultural insularity, they realized, had to give way to eclecticism and cultural impurity." According to Kumar "The Santiniketan artists were one of the first who consciously challenged this idea of modernism by opting out of both internationalist modernism and historicist indigenousness and tried to create a context sensitive modernism."

The literary critic Ranjit Hoskote while reviewing the works of contemporary artist Atul Dodiya writes, "The exposure to Santinketan, through a literary detour, opened Dodiya's eyes to the historical circumstances of what Kumar has called a "contextual modernism" developed in eastern India in the 1930s and '40s during the turbulent decades of the global Depression, the Gandhian liberation struggle, the Tagorean cultural renaissance and World War II." Kumar had been studying the work of the Santiniketan masters and thinking about their approach to art since the early 1980s. The practice of subsuming Nandalal Bose, Rabindranath Tagore, Ram Kinker Baij and Benode Behari Mukherjee under the Bengal School of Art was misleading. According to Kumar, "this happened because early writers were guided by genealogies of apprenticeship rather than their styles, worldviews, and perspectives on art practice'. Kumar draws distinction between ''Santiniketan the art movement'' and ''Santiniketan the School'': *I am not sure, however, if everyone noticed the distinction I drew between Santiniketan as an art movement and Santiniketan as a school very clearly. There was both a Santiketan movement and a Santiniketan school, but these are two different things. The movement was shaped by the practices of the masters, chiefly Nandalal, Benodebehari, Ramkinkar and Rabindranath. Their art practices were interrelated but did not stylistically converge. They were linked more by concerns and as participants in a discourse to which each contributed in a different manner. They themselves saw this very clearly but many who wrote about them did not. They either plumped for Nandalal and Benodebehari, or for Ramkinkar and Rabindranath; one pair representing a traditionalist position and the other a modernist position. I am not suggesting that there are no differences between them but that they saw themselves as co-authors of an art scene being essayed around shared issues, complementing each other and expanding their concerns and reach rather than at war with each other. The brief survey of the individual works of the core Santiniketan artists and the thought perspectives they open up makes clear that though there were various contact points in the work they were not bound by a continuity of style but by a community of ideas. Which they*

not only shared but also interpreted and carried forward. Thus they do not represent a school but a movement.

Santiniketan: The Making of a Contextual Modernism, 1997

""""The Last Harvest"""" was an exhibition of Rabindranath Tagore's paintings to mark the 150th anniversary of Tagore's birth. It was commissioned by the Ministry of Culture (India) and organised with the National Gallery of Modern Art (NGMA). It consisted of 208 paintings drawn from the collections of Visva Bharati and the NGMA. The exhibition was curated by art historian R. Siva Kumar. Asia Art Archive later classified the exhibition as a "world event". Surrounded by several painters Rabindranath had always wanted to paint. Writing and music, playwriting and acting came to him naturally and almost without training, as it did to several others in his family, and in even greater measure. But painting eluded him. Yet he tried repeatedly to master the art and there are several references to this in his early letters and reminiscence. In 1900 for instance, when he was nearing forty and already a celebrated writer, he wrote to Jagadishchandra Bose, "You will be surprised to hear that I am sitting with a sketchbook drawing. Needless to say, the pictures are not intended for any salon in Paris, they cause me not the least suspicion that the national gallery of any country will suddenly decide to raise taxes to acquire them. But, just as a mother lavishes most affection on her ugliest son, so I feel secretly drawn to the very skill that comes to me least easily." He also realized that he was using the eraser more than the pencil, and dissatisfied with the results he finally withdrew, deciding it was not for him to become a painter. Although he gave up the hope of becoming an artist around 1900, Rabindranath continued to doodle in his manuscripts. He turned struck-out words into ornamental motifs and sometimes linked the scratched out words on the pages of his manuscripts into an art-nouveau-like arabesque. This continued without much change until the end of 1923. Then almost all of a sudden on the pages of the notebook he used during his tour of 1924 his doodles proliferated and assumed more representational and expressive intent. Victoria Ocampo who spotted these during his stay in

Argentina as her guest was impressed and found artistic merit in them. "He played with erasures," she wrote, "following them from verse to verse with his pen, making lines that suddenly jumped into life out of this play: prehistoric monsters, birds, faces appeared.“ These doodles in the Purabi manuscript that excited Ocampo in 1924 mark the beginnings of Rabindranath"s artistic career. Rabindrnath himself recognised such doodles as the beginnings of his art and wrote: "The only training I had from my young days was the training in rhythm in thought, the rhythm in sound. I had come to know that rhythm gives reality to that which is desultory, which is insignificant in itself. And therefore, when the scratches in my manuscript cried, like sinners, for salvation, and assailed my eyes with the ugliness of their irrelevance, I often took more time in rescuing them into a merciful finality of rhythm than in carrying on what was my obvious task." He also called this his "unconscious training in drawing." And described the imagery that emerged as follows: "... when the vagaries of the ostracized mistakes had their conversion into rhythmic inter-relationship, giving birth to unique forms and characters. Some assumed the temperate exaggeration of a probable animal that had unaccountably missed its chance of existence… Some lines showed anger, some placid benevolence, through some lines ran an essential laughter. ... These lines often expressed passions that were abstract, evolved characters that hung upon subtle suggestions.“ After four years of involved doodling, Rabindranath began to do independent paintings in 1928. And six years after she first noticed the expressive strength of his doodles in 1930 Ocampo helped him organize the first exhibition of his paintings in Paris. This was followed by a string of exhibitions across Europe, in Russia, England and America. He was the first Indian artist to be exhibited widely in the West. He felt that different as his works were from the art of his Indian contemporaries they stood a better chance to be appreciated in the West. And many of his first viewers in the West, and these included seasoned artists and connoisseurs, were appreciative. However, they were fleeting encounters and they saw his work as an extension of Western art and not in relation to the totality of his oeuvre or in relation to India.

His familiarity with the "primitive" and modern traditions of art played a role in his emergence as a painter. But it is only in the context of post-forties Indian art that Rabindranath's paintings find their true place in the history of modernism and it is in this context they need to be looked at. Sheikh Hasina, the Prime Minister of Bangladesh observes Tagore's paintings at the Asia Society Though Rabindranath began to paint only in 1928 when he was sixty-seven he painted well over two thousand paintings. It was as Abanindranath Tagore said a "volcanic eruption" that continued unabated for the last thirteen years of his life. Coming at the end of a hugely creative life spreading across six decades and involving work in several mediums and genres the question of how his paintings relate to the rest of his oeuvre rises. Is there a unifying theme or universal "truth" running through all his creations? It would be difficult to give a categorical and simple answer but the following words of Rabindranath from My Pictures, a statement he made in 1930 in connection with his paintings might contain a lead. "But one thing which is common to all arts is the principle of rhythm which transforms inert materials into living creations. My instinct for it and my training in its use led me to know that lines and colours in art are no carriers of information; they seek their rhythmic incarnation in pictures. Their ultimate purpose is not to illustrate or to copy some outer fact or inner vision, but to evolve a harmonious wholeness which finds its passage through our eyesight into imagination. It neither questions our mind for meaning nor burdens it with unmeaningness, for it is, above all, meaning.“ The Last Harvest is an international exhibition commissioned and fully supported by the Government of India as part of Rabindranath's 150th birth anniversary celebrations. It brings together a representative selection of his works culled from the collections of Rabindra Bhavana and Kala Bhavana at Santiniketan, and the National Gallery of Modern Art. Rabindranath's life, his works and the history of his institutions mark a progress from nationalism to universal humanism. His paintings belong to the period of universal humanism and linked as they may be to personal experiences they have a universal appeal. In consonance with it Rabindranath did not

title his drawings and paintings. He also did not date most of them. Thus they come to us as an open-ended oeuvre, encouraging us to respond to them with our sensibilities and find linkages between them. In other words, he encourages the viewers to embark on a curatorial process. This exhibition is one such effort. In this exhibition the works are grouped into what may be considered four important facets of his oeuvre. His earliest paintings grew out of the doodles he did in his manuscripts while attempting to turn crossed out words and discarded lines into visually exciting motifs. These have an element of playful inventiveness and involve morphological cross-projections that defy perceptual experience. If the subliminal played an important part in his first paintings, painting itself led him to pay attention to the pageant of forms in nature. The landscapes included in these selections are a token of this shift. As he progressed he also began to see the human body not merely as form but as gestures carrying within them the seeds of visual narration and theatre – ambivalent as they may remain without the benefit of names. A third group of paintings bring this into focus. And finally there are his representations of the human face; hovering between hieratic masks and individualised portraits, they turn countenance into characters. The four groups may be highlighted thus:

Group 1

This group contains some of his earliest paintings, they are either geometrical or arabesque and have an element of playful inventiveness involving morphological cross-projections that defy reality.

Group 2

Nature was an enduring theme in Rabindranath's writings and songs, he felt a deep companionship with nature since his childhood. A more meditative and observant come through in his landscapes and flower pieces.

Group 3

As a playwright and actor Rabindranath was sensitive to gesture and its dramatic and narrative potential; the paintings in this group bring this into focus.

Group 4

This group consists of his representations of the human face into which he reads traces of social and personal life. They are products of observation and psychological probing.

Finally a word about the title. For Rabindranath who welcomed contact with other cultures to foster creativity, and for whom the touchstone of authenticity was not the lineage of one"s language but one"s ability to make it one"s own, the value of art lay not in its source or style but in being an imperative of life.

And painting was the last enchantment of his life, his last personal imperative. "I am hopelessly entangled in the spell that the lines have cast all around me…. If I were a free agent ... unburdened by any care," he wrote to close friend in 1928 just when he was embarking on his career as a painter, "I would live by the Padma and gather a harvest of pictures and nothing but pictures to load the Golden Boat of Time with." He was burdened with too many commitments to allow himself that privilege but the harvest has been good (well over two thousand paintings in thirteen years) and this exhibition carries a small part of it eighty years after he himself had ferried it across the world for the first time.

THE END

Principles of Nutrition

Nutrition is the relationship of food and human body; the metabolism of food, the nutritive value of foods, the qualitative and quantitative requirement for food at different ages and developmental levels to meet physiological changes and activity needs, the changes in nutrient and food requirements that accompany or assist in the reduced risks of degenerative condition, the economical, psychological, social and cultural factors that affect the selection and eating of foods.

We need food and water to live. We also need food with proper nutrition to live well. We know that the four pillars of optimal health; *adequate rest, balanced diet (food with proper nutrition), positive mental attitude* and *regular exercise.*

In the year 2004, WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION repents shows that in Indian people of 17% are death on accent of *infectious diseases* and over 73% were attributed to *cardiovascular diseases*, *cancer* and *respiratory diseases*, *diabetes* and other nutritional deficiency death. At present day, much research has shown the positive effects of consuming a good nutritional diet to decreased risks of developing chronic, degenerative diseases of conditions.

Understanding how good nutrition protracts you, against their negative consequences requires one to have familiarity with the language and concepts of nutrition. While nutrition is mostly about how food sustains your body, it's also about the cultural tradition and individual that explains how we choose our favorite foods.

Nutrition is about why you eat, what you eat and how the food going before planning their own lifelong plan of care.

It's true that the human body really is built from the nutrition it gets from foods; *water, protein, fat, carbohydrates, vitamins* and *minerals.*

It's true that the human body really is built from the nutrition it gets from foods; *water, protein, fat, carbohydrates, vitamins* and *minerals.*

ON AVERAGE:

Approximately 60% of your body weight is water.

Approximately 20% of your body weight is fat.

Approximately 20% of your body weight is carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins.

Foods and beverages provide the energy and nutrition needed to construct and mainly every organ and system in the human body.

ENERGY OF FOODS:

Carbohydrates	= 4 kilocalorie/gram
Protein	= 4 kilocalorie/gram
Fat	= 9 kilocalorie/gram
Alcohol	= 7 kilocalorie/gram

Energy is the ability to do work. Energy bite of food gives you energy, even if it does not give your nutrition. The amount energy in food is measured in calories, also called Kilojoules. One Calorie is the amount of energy needed to raise the temperature of one gram of water by One Degree Celsius. The amount of heat produced when food is burned (metabolized) in your body cells provides our bodies with energy.

Carbohydrate, fat and protein are the three basic nutrients. These nutrients are released from food during digestion, then absorbed into the bloodstream and converted to glucose, or blood sugar.

Food is the full on which your blood runs. Without enough food, you do not have enough energy.

Nutrients are chemical substances which your body uses to build, maintain, and repair tissues.

Nutrients also empower calls to send message back and forth in order to conduct essential chemical reaction such as: Breathing, Moving, Tasting and Eliminating waste, Hearing, Smelling and Thinking.

Food provides two different and prominent groups of Nutrients: Macronutrients (Protein, Carbohydrates, Fat and Water) and Micronutrients (Vitamins and Minerals).

The amount you need of each of these nutrients per day is different countries even have different recommendation for the amounts of each nutrient needed for optimal health.

Getting reliable information about nutrition can be a daunting challenge. For the most part, your nutrition information is likely to come from televisions and radios talk shows or news, your daily newspaper, your favorite magazine and a variety of nutrition related books or scientific journals. How can you tell whether what you hear or read is really right?

Here are several groups of people most likely to provide information that can be trusted.

These are people with a graduate degree (usually, in Chemistry, Biology, Biochemistry or Physics) engaged in research dealing primarily with the effects of food on animals and human beings.

These may be either nutrition scientists or professionals in another field such as medicine or sociology whose research (Study or Studies) concentrates on the effects of food or components of food.

Frustrated and confused by the tremendous amount of food and health information being communicated today, people look for simple certainties to help them protect their health through diet.

Understanding the scientific process is a road discover. It is a process of gaining knowledge about the universe through conducted and report, frequently, generates a great deal of debate.

It is important to note that nutrition and science are evolutionary, not revolutionary. Because science and nutrition research explore the unknown, uncertainty you get affects your body and your health.

All persons are unique. Each one of us has special needs and goals. If you do not know where you are going, you will know when you have arrived, if you arrive at all. Simple as that may sound, many well-intentioned people plunge. Ahead with a nutrition plan without first checking to see what is needed or will an unavoidable part of current investigations. Only through repeated research and analysis do certainties emerge.

There is another nutrient called phytonutrients. Phytonutrient (Phyto=plants, nutrient=nutrition) means nutrition present in plants. These organic components of plants are good for protecting the plants and researched to promote human health too. As per USDA 2005 one should eat at least 9 servings of fruits and vegetables per day to get the adequate qty of Phytonutrients.

In recent years that specific Phytonutrients have been isolated, identified and studied for their many beneficial quantities. There are more than 2500 Phytonutrients which have been identified out of which most widely researched are carotenes (Beta carotenes, Lycopene, Lutein) and Bioflavonoid (Quercetin, Hesperidins).

Worldwide research has now recognized that a diet rich in phytonutrients can help lead to optimal health. Phytonutrients are studies to have beneficial effect in improving our health by balancing the cells and normal function of the body. A win derange of phytonutrients are powerful antioxidants that protect calls from the damage that can lead to premature aging and disease. Phytonutrients can also help support a healthy immune system, cardiovascular functions and support normal growth and development of our body system.

Variety of colorful fruits and vegetables, grains, legumes, nuts and teas are rich sources of phytonutrients. Variety is equally important as quantity of fruits and vegetables as variety gives us choice of more colors in our diet which signifies the range of phytonutrients.

WhatsApp

In a WhatsApp group, two friends are planning a picnic after their examination is over.

Soubhik: So the awful examination is over and we are as free as air. How would you like to have a picnic now?

Bishal: Oh, it's a grand charming idea. We haven't had a picnic for long time. Let us fix up a date and the site for the same.

Soubhik: What about going to Mr. Bakshi's resident next Sunday?
Bishal: Yes that's a good place to go to.

Soubhik: I think Mr. Bakshi, let's starts at 7 o'clock next Sunday from his garden.

Bishal: That's all right, I think.

Soubhik: Fried rice and Chicken that's all I suggest. Isn't it a good menu?

Bishal: That's all right. But we'll cook our own food ourselves. We'll cook our food under the long tree of Mr. Bakshi's house and listen to songs from a record player.

Bishal: Wonderful, simply wonderful. We'll put this proposal before our batch and we hope our batchmates as well as our batch teacher will agree to this proposal.

Soubhik: Mr. Bakshi! Hope so.

Suddenly another friend is online to the group.

Shayan: Oh, wow,….picnic! Anyway good morning.

Bishal: Good morning. Why you say anyway?

Soubhik: I think he can't come to the picnic.

Shayan: You're right Bishal. I can't come to Mr. Bakshi's picnic.

Bishal: But why?

Shayan: My doctor advises me to avoid any types of occasions and events up to one month for my physical problem.

Bishal: Oh, very sad.

Soubhik: It's really very sad news.

Shayan offline

Gogol online

Gogol: Good morning! Have a nice day to all of you!

Bishal: What's the position of our picnic plan?

Soubhik: Is your father agree?

Gogol: The position is very bad.

Bishal: But why?

Soubhik: I think the reason of money.

Gogol: My father breaks his cellular phone when he going on cycle, and our junior pet cat Subarnalata was missing for two days.

Bishal: Oh! Very sad.

Soubhik: Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!

Gogol: So, I think our picnic will be cancel hope so.

Bishal: Oh! God.

Gogol offline

Bishal offline

Is that day, at the time of afternoon, a girl whose name is Puchu is online at the same group.

Puchu: Oh! God, the boys are very hopeless, they can't do even such a small task!

Bishal online

Bishal: A Pink Panther, shut up your mouth.

Soubhik: I hate girls!

Puchu: Why I,….Do you think I'm a fool?

Bishal: Absolutely!

Soubhik: Yaah!

Puchu: After long time our batch is going to organize a picnic but boys can't arrange it without the help of Mr. Bakshi?

Bishal: Do you agree to pay all the money of the event?

Soubhik: Do you agree to all the dishes of the picnic?

Puchu: No, never. Why should I pay the money? I can talk with Mr. Bakshi.

Puchu offline

Sharmistha online

Sharmistha: What's the position of our picnic?

Bishal: Awesome!

Soubhik: Mind-blowing!

Sharmistha: Really?

Bishal: Yes, our picnic is going to be cancel for Mr. Bakshi.

Sharmistha: What! But why?

Bishal: It's a long story, ignore it.

Sharmistha: Why should I ignore it?

Bishal offline

Sharmistha: Idiot.

Sometime later, Mr. Bakshi called Bishal.

Bishal: Hello sir, what's the position of our picnic?

Bakshi: Sorry Bishal, a bad news suddenly bound to cancel all own plan.

Bishal: What's the bad news?

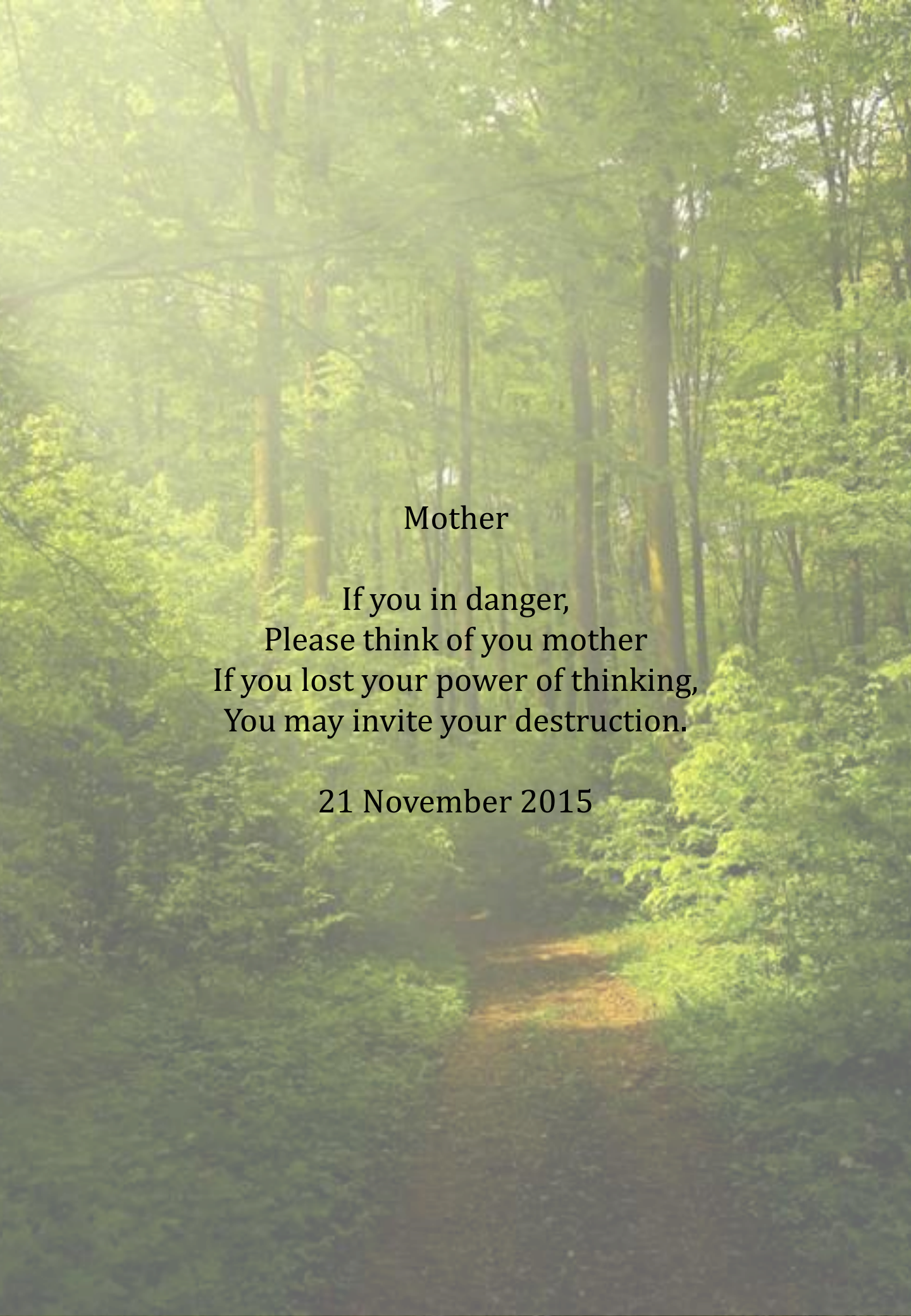
Bakshi: Your batch mate Soubhik was dead yesterday.

Bishal: Are you joking with me? I was in contact with Soubhik on WhatsApp few minutes ago.

Bakshi: What nonsense!

Bishal: Yes, I can show you.

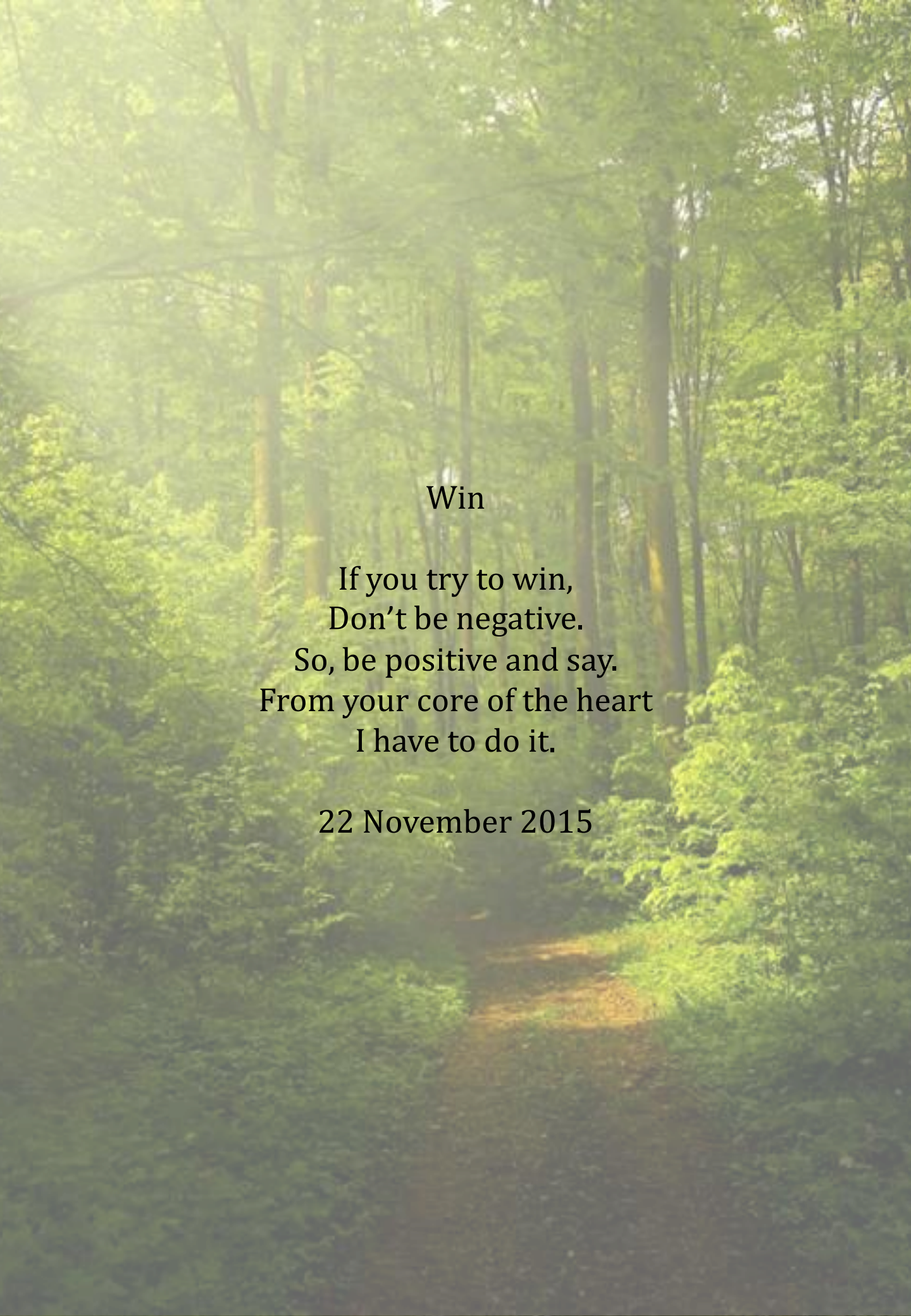
Bishal disconnect the call and open the WhatsApp group for check the messages of Soubhik. But there was no single message that sent by Soubhik. And Soubhik was not online for three days. Who is that person with whom Bishal was in conversation whole day long? Is Bishal talks with a ghost?



Mother

If you in danger,
Please think of you mother
If you lost your power of thinking,
You may invite your destruction.

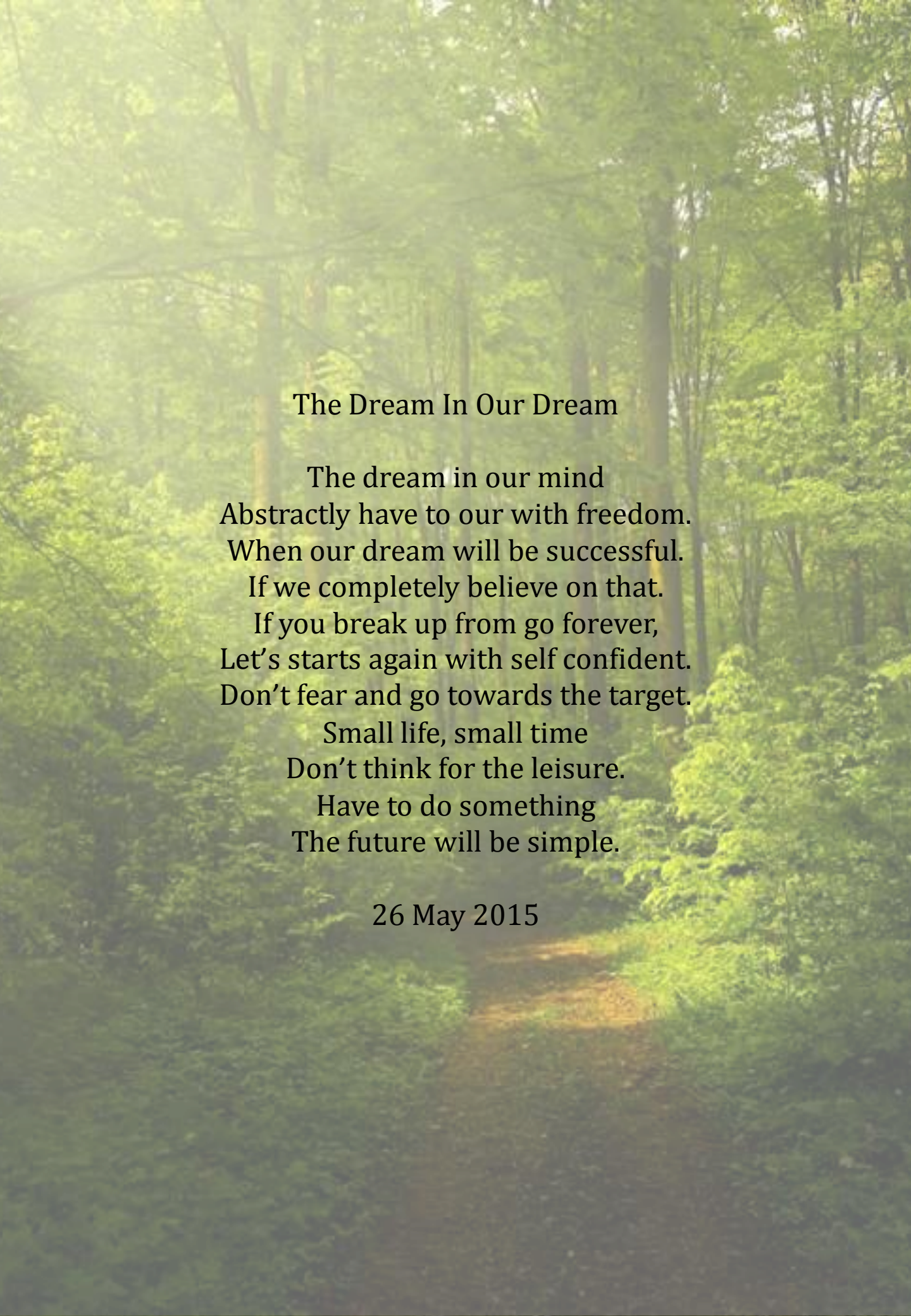
21 November 2015



Win

If you try to win,
Don’t be negative.
So, be positive and say.
From your core of the heart
I have to do it.

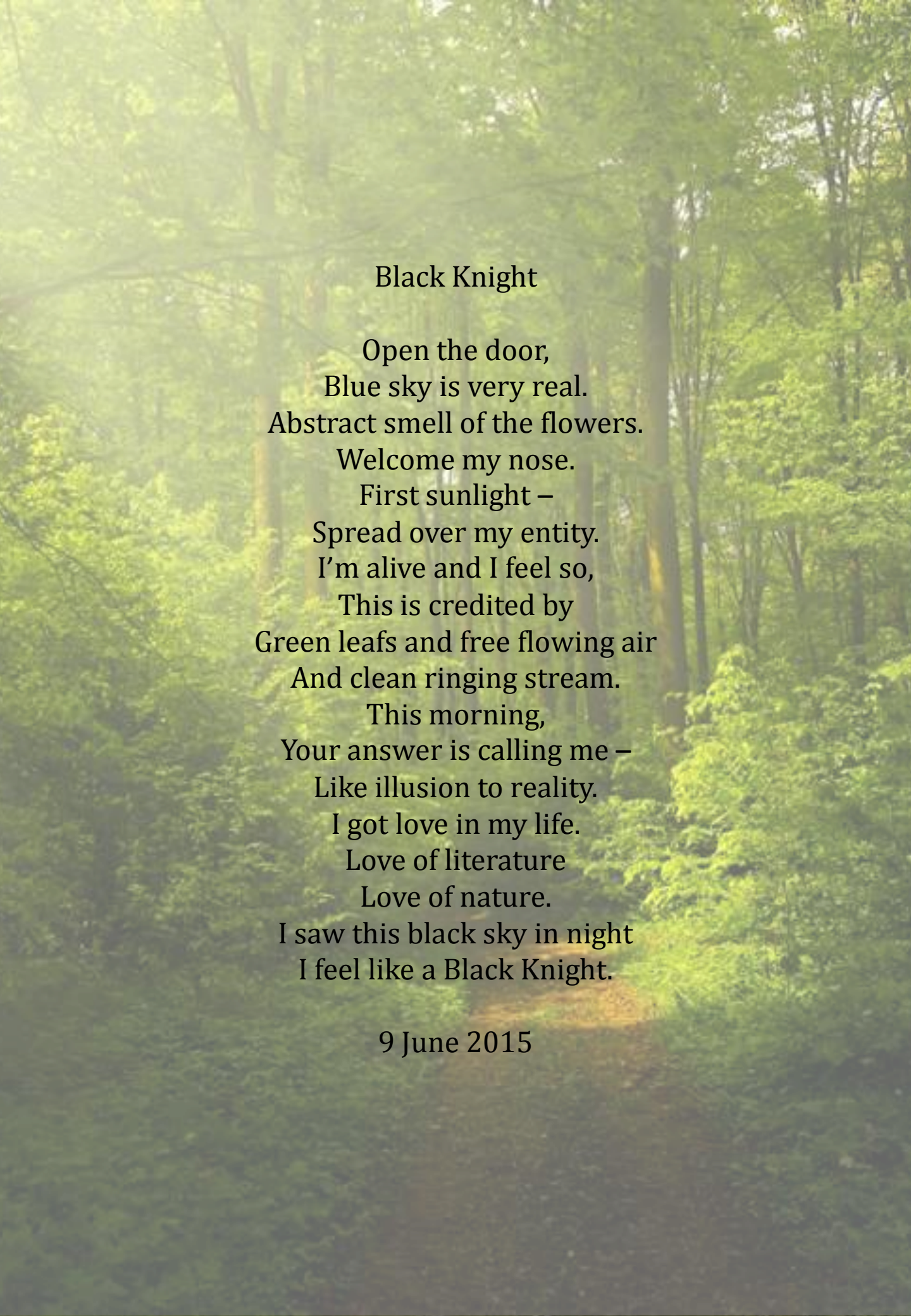
22 November 2015



The Dream In Our Dream

The dream in our mind
Abstractly have to our with freedom.
When our dream will be successful.
If we completely believe on that.
If you break up from go forever,
Let's starts again with self confident.
Don't fear and go towards the target.
Small life, small time
Don't think for the leisure.
Have to do something
The future will be simple.

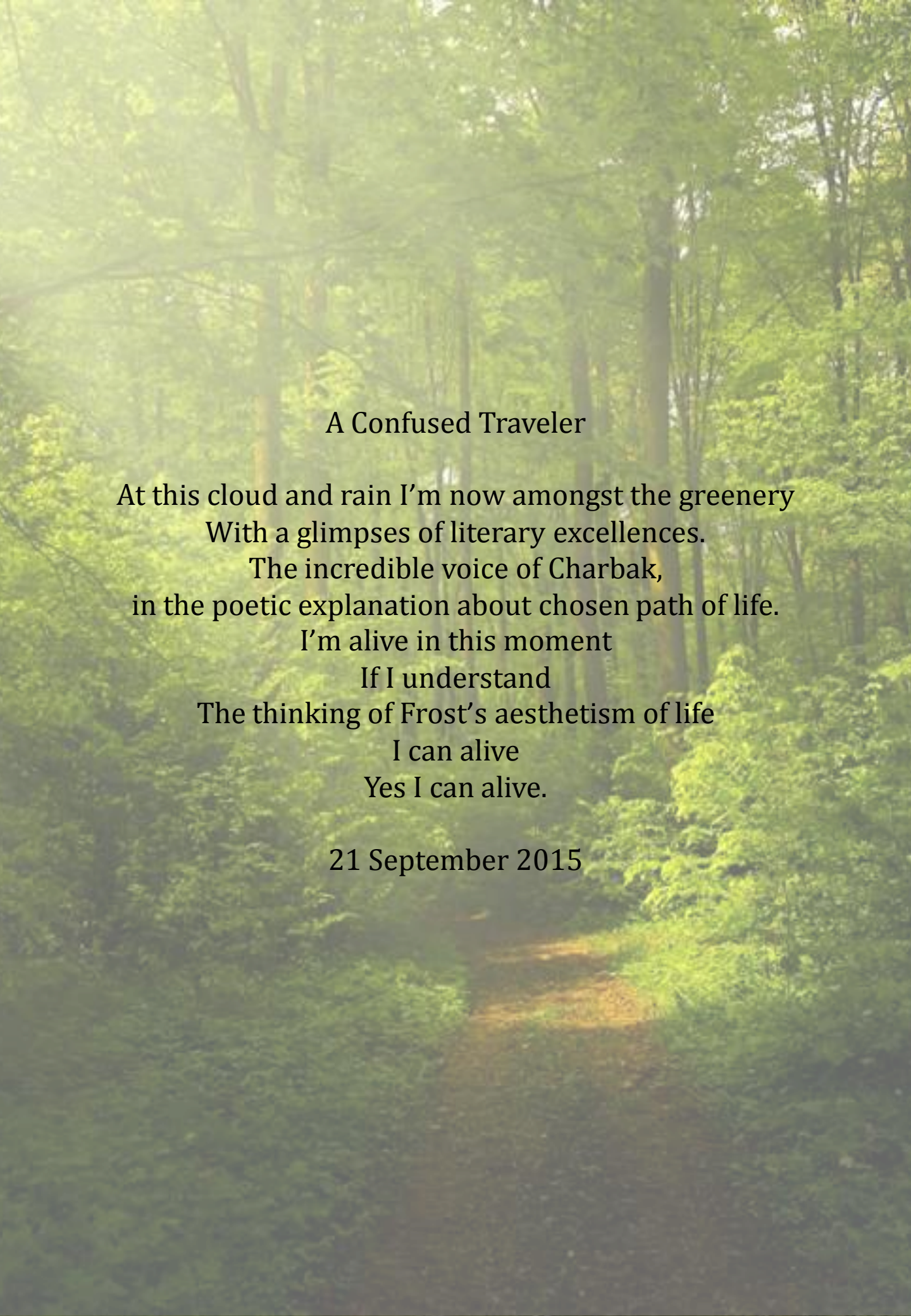
26 May 2015



Black Knight

Open the door,
Blue sky is very real.
Abstract smell of the flowers.
Welcome my nose.
First sunlight –
Spread over my entity.
I'm alive and I feel so,
This is credited by
Green leafs and free flowing air
And clean ringing stream.
This morning,
Your answer is calling me –
Like illusion to reality.
I got love in my life.
Love of literature
Love of nature.
I saw this black sky in night
I feel like a Black Knight.

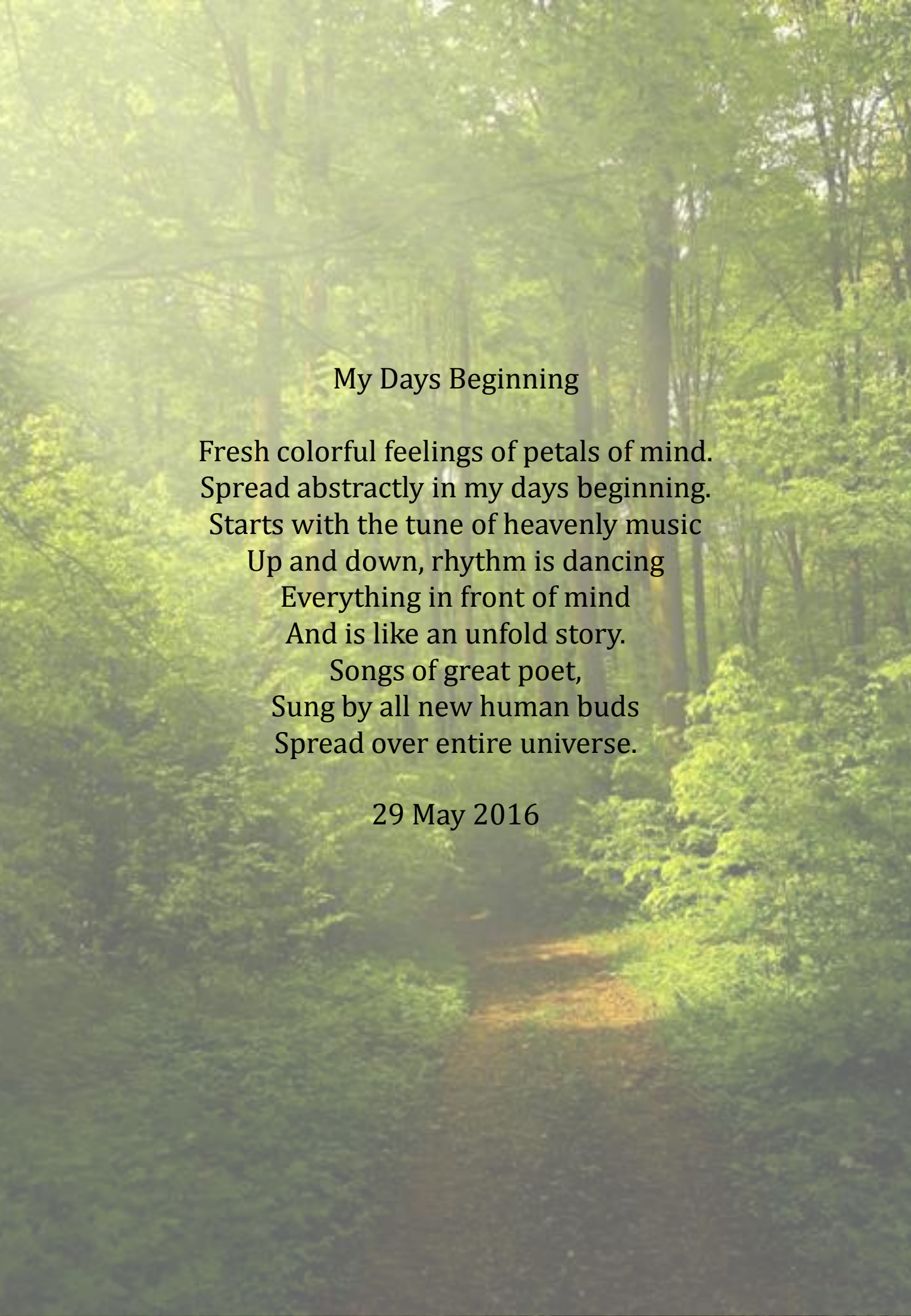
9 June 2015



A Confused Traveler

At this cloud and rain I'm now amongst the greenery
With a glimpses of literary excellences.
The incredible voice of Charbak,
in the poetic explanation about chosen path of life.
I'm alive in this moment
If I understand
The thinking of Frost's aesthetism of life
I can alive
Yes I can alive.

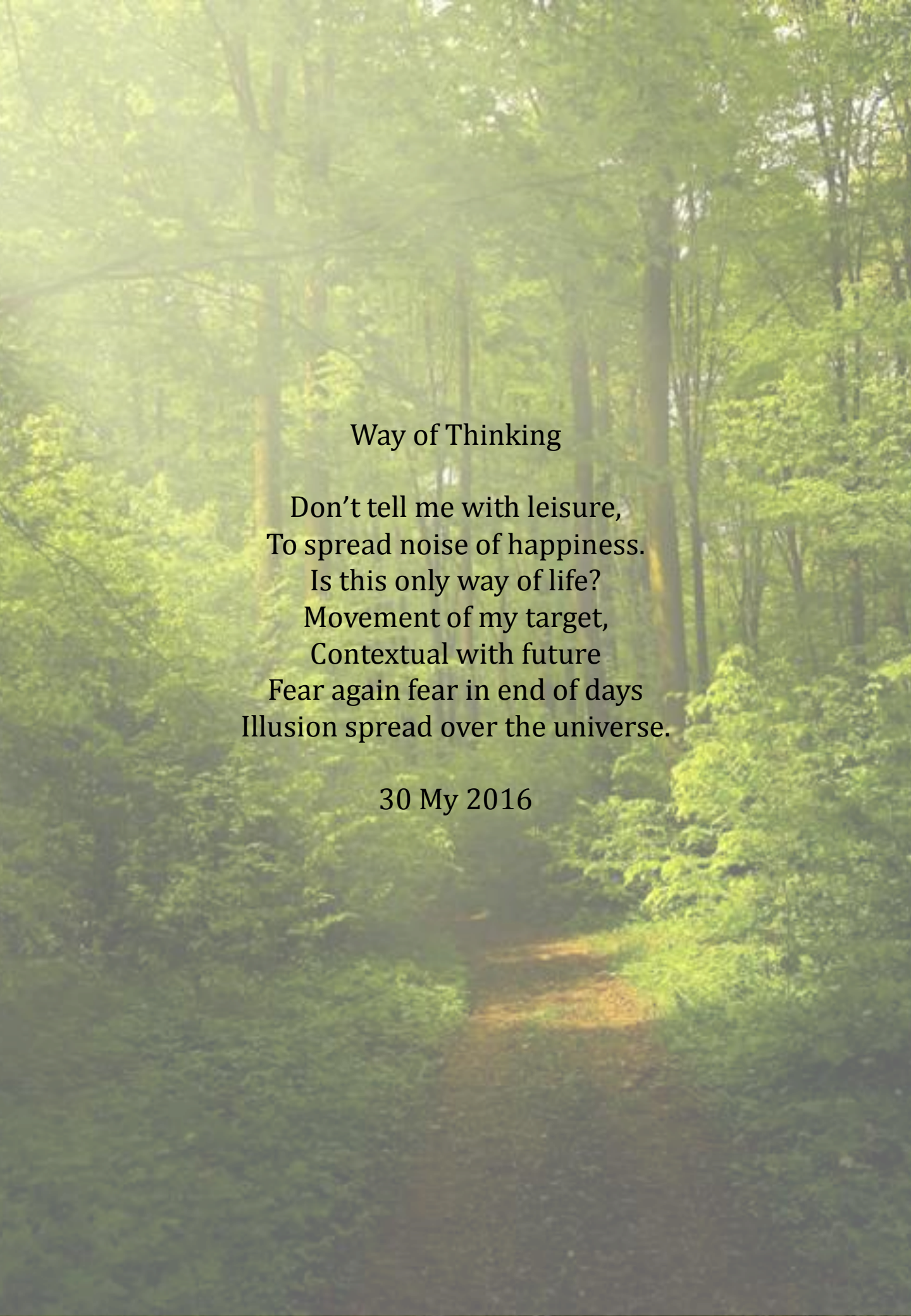
21 September 2015



My Days Beginning

Fresh colorful feelings of petals of mind.
Spread abstractly in my days beginning.
Starts with the tune of heavenly music
Up and down, rhythm is dancing
Everything in front of mind
And is like an unfold story.
Songs of great poet,
Sung by all new human buds
Spread over entire universe.

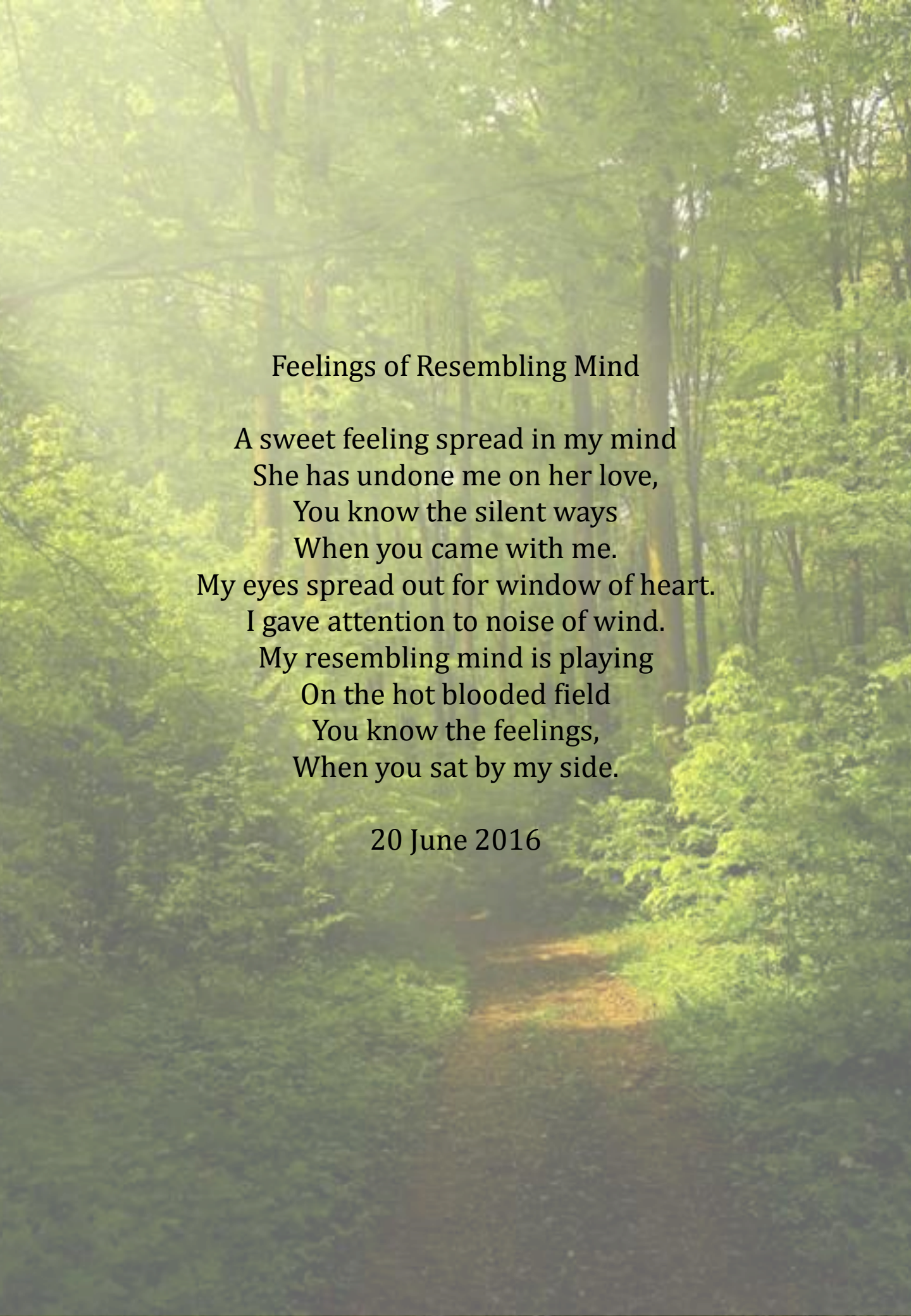
29 May 2016



Way of Thinking

Don’t tell me with leisure,
To spread noise of happiness.
Is this only way of life?
Movement of my target,
Contextual with future
Fear again fear in end of days
Illusion spread over the universe.

30 My 2016



Feelings of Resembling Mind

A sweet feeling spread in my mind
She has undone me on her love,
You know the silent ways
When you came with me.
My eyes spread out for window of heart.
I gave attention to noise of wind.
My resembling mind is playing
On the hot blooded field
You know the feelings,
When you sat by my side.

20 June 2016

Day-Night

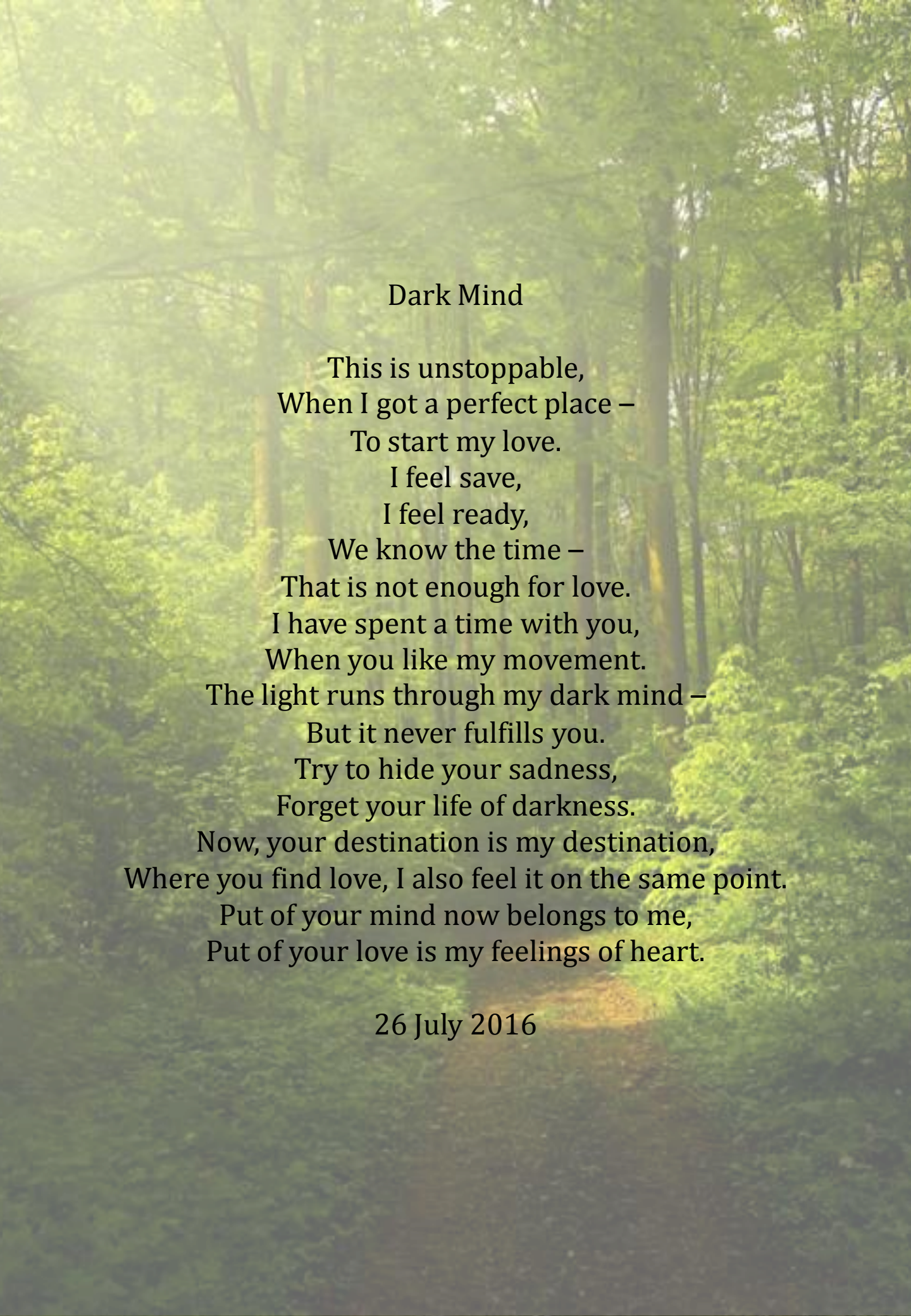
In the awakening hours my entity,
Flashed with an explosion of sunlight
And create a feeling,
In my resembling mind.
My heart is trembling
Like a hardness
My eyes is closing
Everything is in darkness.
Again in the moonlit hours my entity
Spread with the rays of cool sunlight
When I saw
Just only our kid trotting in the green.
I know, this is the ultimate
The moon is gradually goes into the clouds
And spread a darkness in the valley
With these the midnight arrives.

29 June 2016

Los Muertos Vivos Estan

If you stop the tune
Do you know what you will lost,
When the light come by mysterious moon
You will see by me.
If you come by my side,
You will return to my love.
If you think, you have won,
You never saw me again.
If you see the harden girl,
Who was dead, not alive.
But if you want the change,
You may meet your end.
If you try to hide your love
Forget me by your mind.
Life is gone with just a line of the ink,
Cause the end of beginning
When your mind broken again,
Stop your mind and count to ten.
If your mind will stand tall,
Only for you, I have to risk it all.
If you try to hide from your past,
When my mind break by sharos of glass.
I want to feel love,
Run through my blood.
Only for you, I have to risk it all,
When your answer is written on the wall.

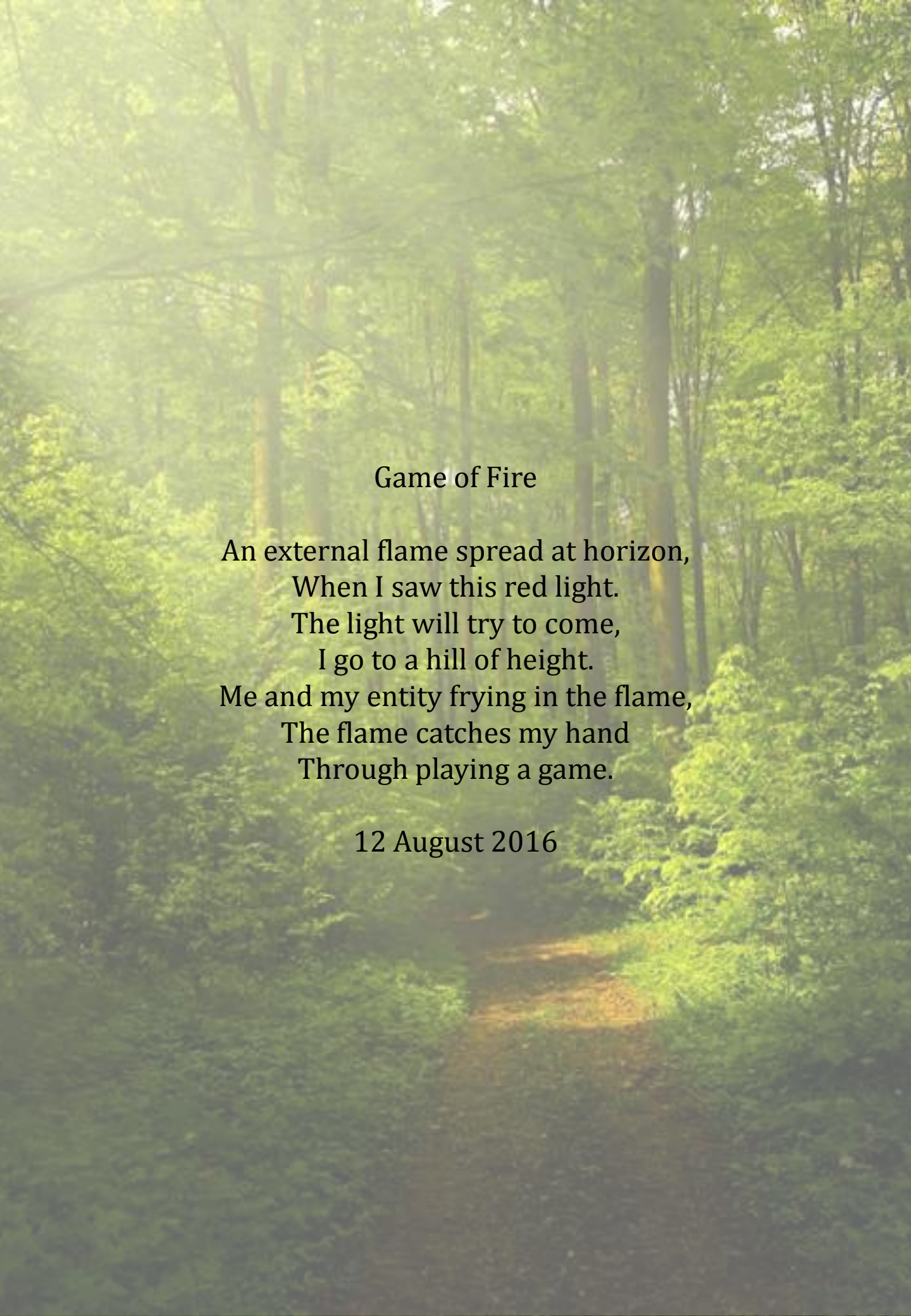
22 July 2016



Dark Mind

This is unstoppable,
When I got a perfect place –
To start my love.
I feel save,
I feel ready,
We know the time –
That is not enough for love.
I have spent a time with you,
When you like my movement.
The light runs through my dark mind –
But it never fulfills you.
Try to hide your sadness,
Forget your life of darkness.
Now, your destination is my destination,
Where you find love, I also feel it on the same point.
Put of your mind now belongs to me,
Put of your love is my feelings of heart.

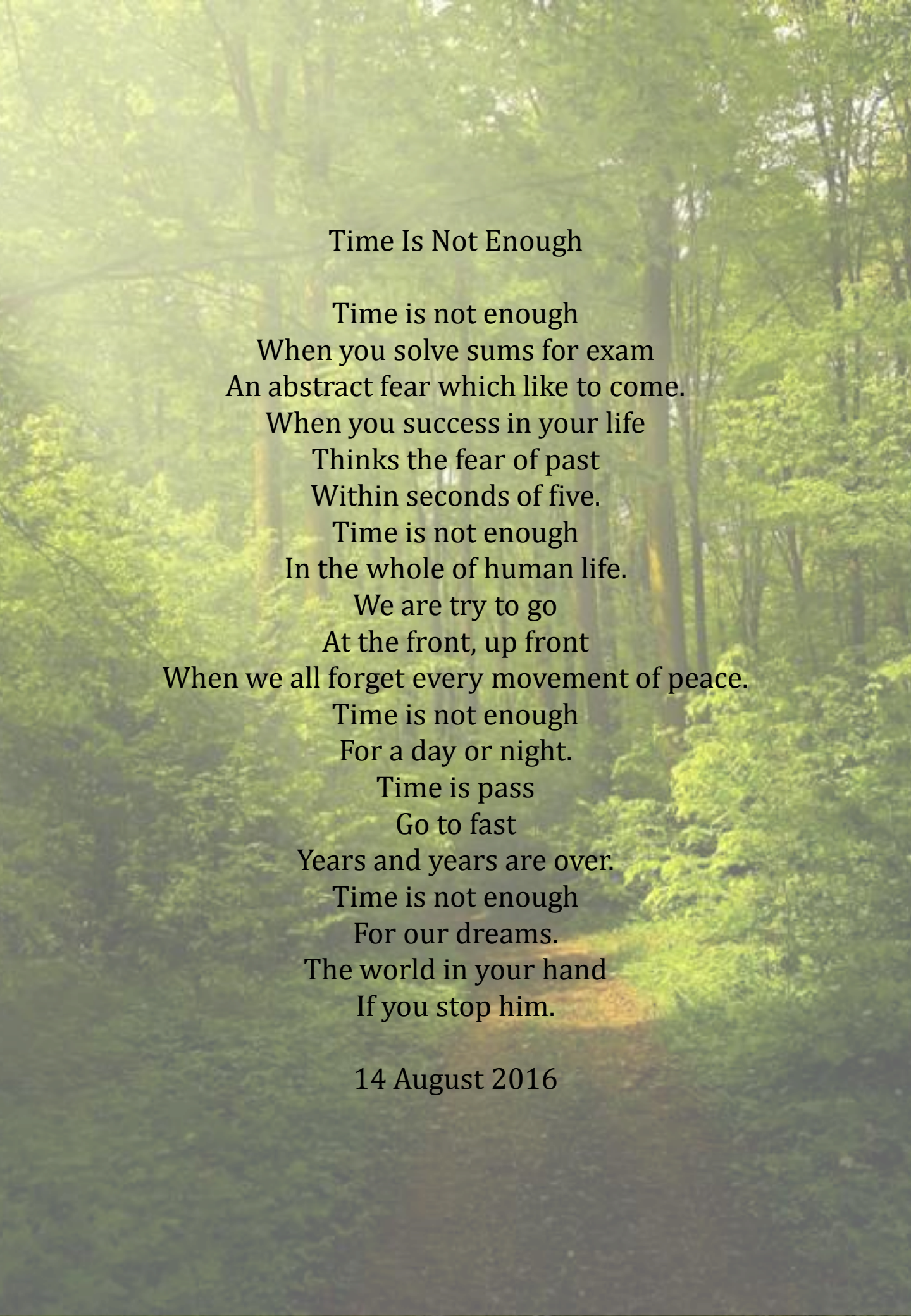
26 July 2016



Game of Fire

An external flame spread at horizon,
When I saw this red light.
The light will try to come,
I go to a hill of height.
Me and my entity frying in the flame,
The flame catches my hand
Through playing a game.

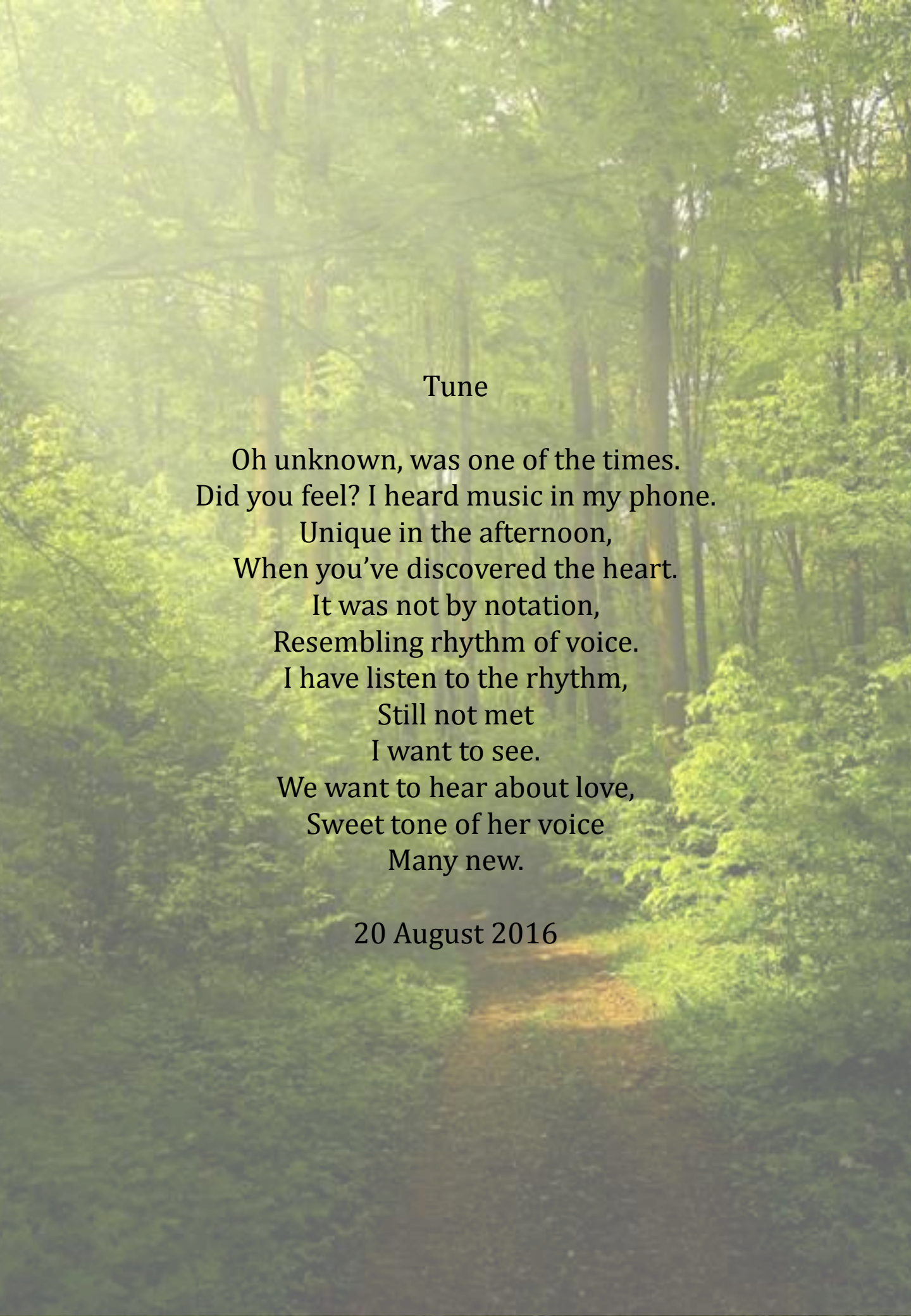
12 August 2016



Time Is Not Enough

Time is not enough
When you solve sums for exam
An abstract fear which like to come.
When you success in your life
Thinks the fear of past
Within seconds of five.
Time is not enough
In the whole of human life.
We are try to go
At the front, up front
When we all forget every movement of peace.
Time is not enough
For a day or night.
Time is pass
Go to fast
Years and years are over.
Time is not enough
For our dreams.
The world in your hand
If you stop him.

14 August 2016



Tune

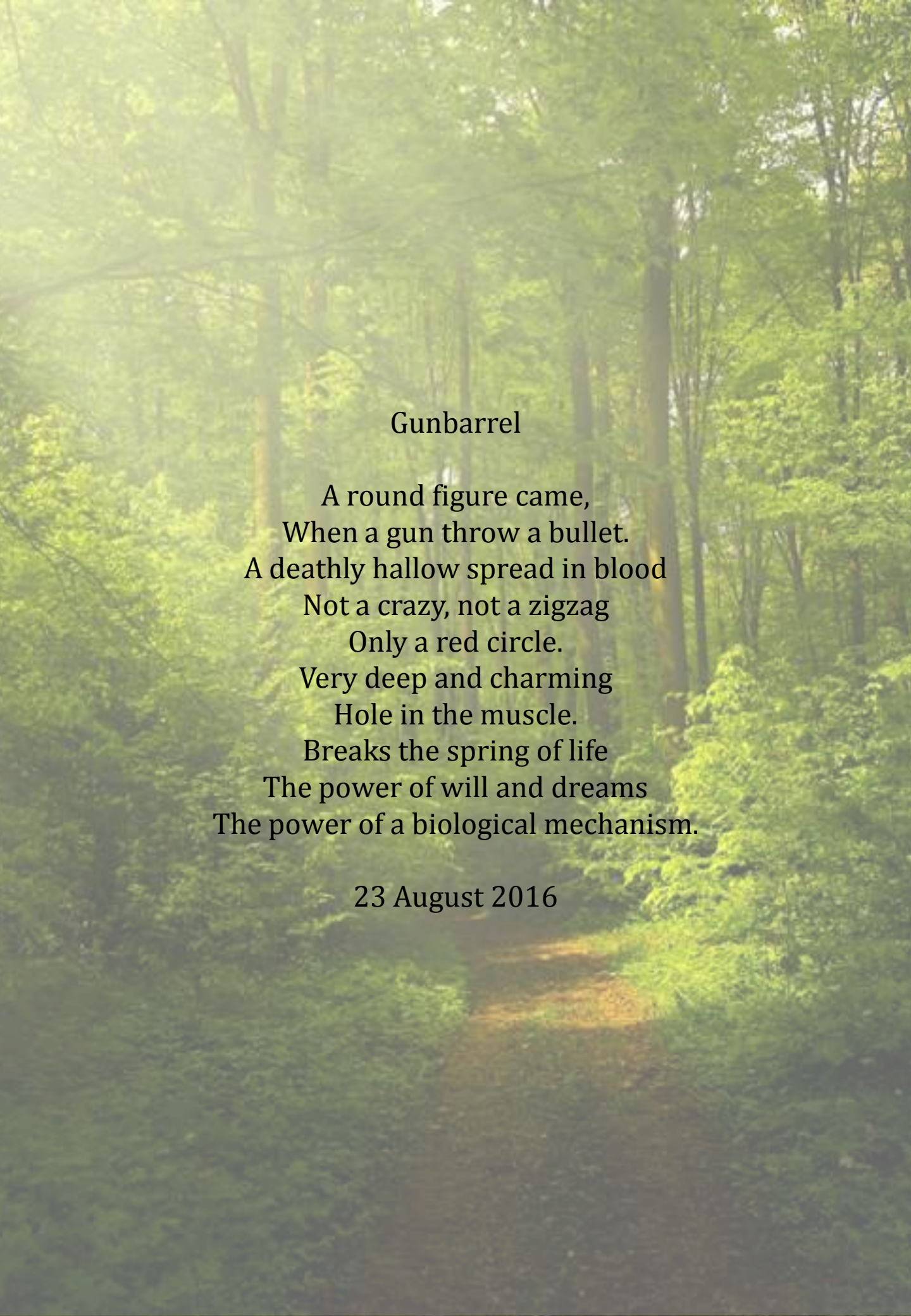
Oh unknown, was one of the times.
Did you feel? I heard music in my phone.
Unique in the afternoon,
When you've discovered the heart.
It was not by notation,
Resembling rhythm of voice.
I have listen to the rhythm,
Still not met
I want to see.
We want to hear about love,
Sweet tone of her voice
Many new.

20 August 2016

Hello

Hello, you know my name
When you walks slowly
Along the vacant path.
Hello, are you there?
When your piano play by someone
I feel the meaning of your song,
If your soft hand try to call me.
Hello, can you hear me?
When you are not in sleep
Either you thinks to call me,
Or if you have urge to meet with me.
Hello, please answer me
When your problems haunt your
Are you want to hide me from your life?
Hello, open the door,
I want to enter your doorstep of life.
Stop now, let me allow to enter
If you not cut my call.

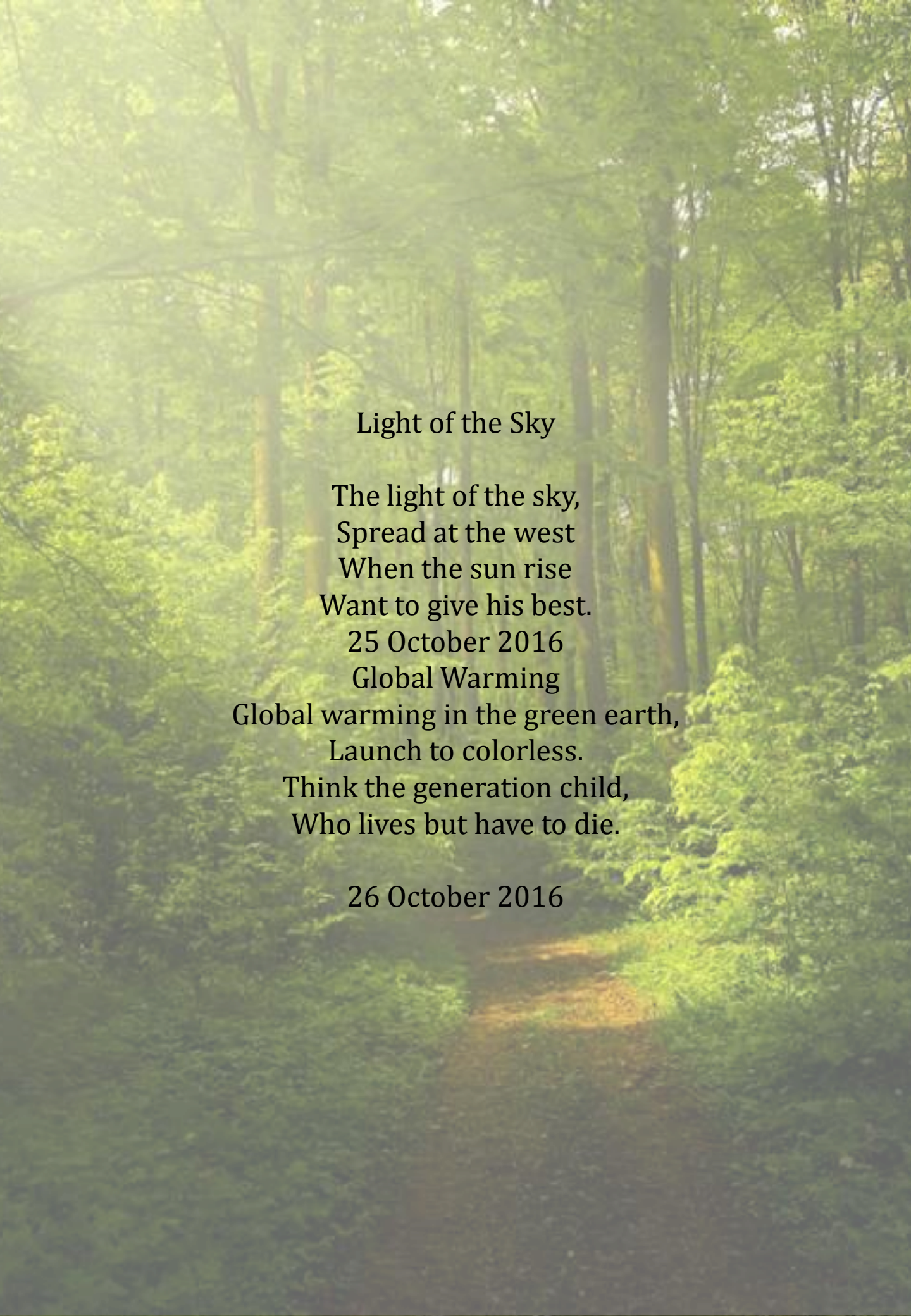
22 August 2016



Gunbarrel

A round figure came,
When a gun throw a bullet.
A deathly hallow spread in blood
Not a crazy, not a zigzag
Only a red circle.
Very deep and charming
Hole in the muscle.
Breaks the spring of life
The power of will and dreams
The power of a biological mechanism.

23 August 2016



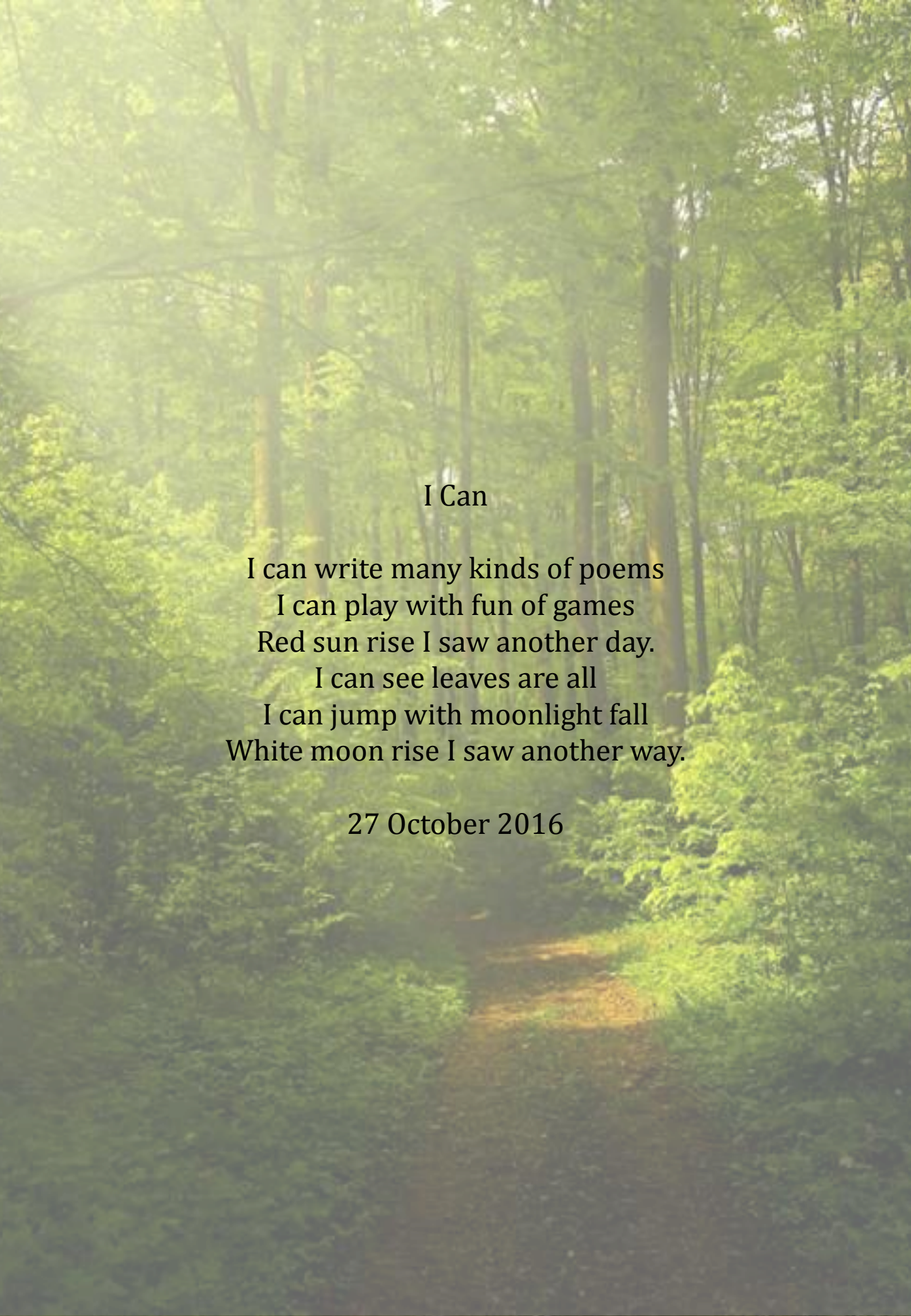
Light of the Sky

The light of the sky,
Spread at the west
When the sun rise
Want to give his best.
25 October 2016

Global Warming

Global warming in the green earth,
Launch to colorless.
Think the generation child,
Who lives but have to die.

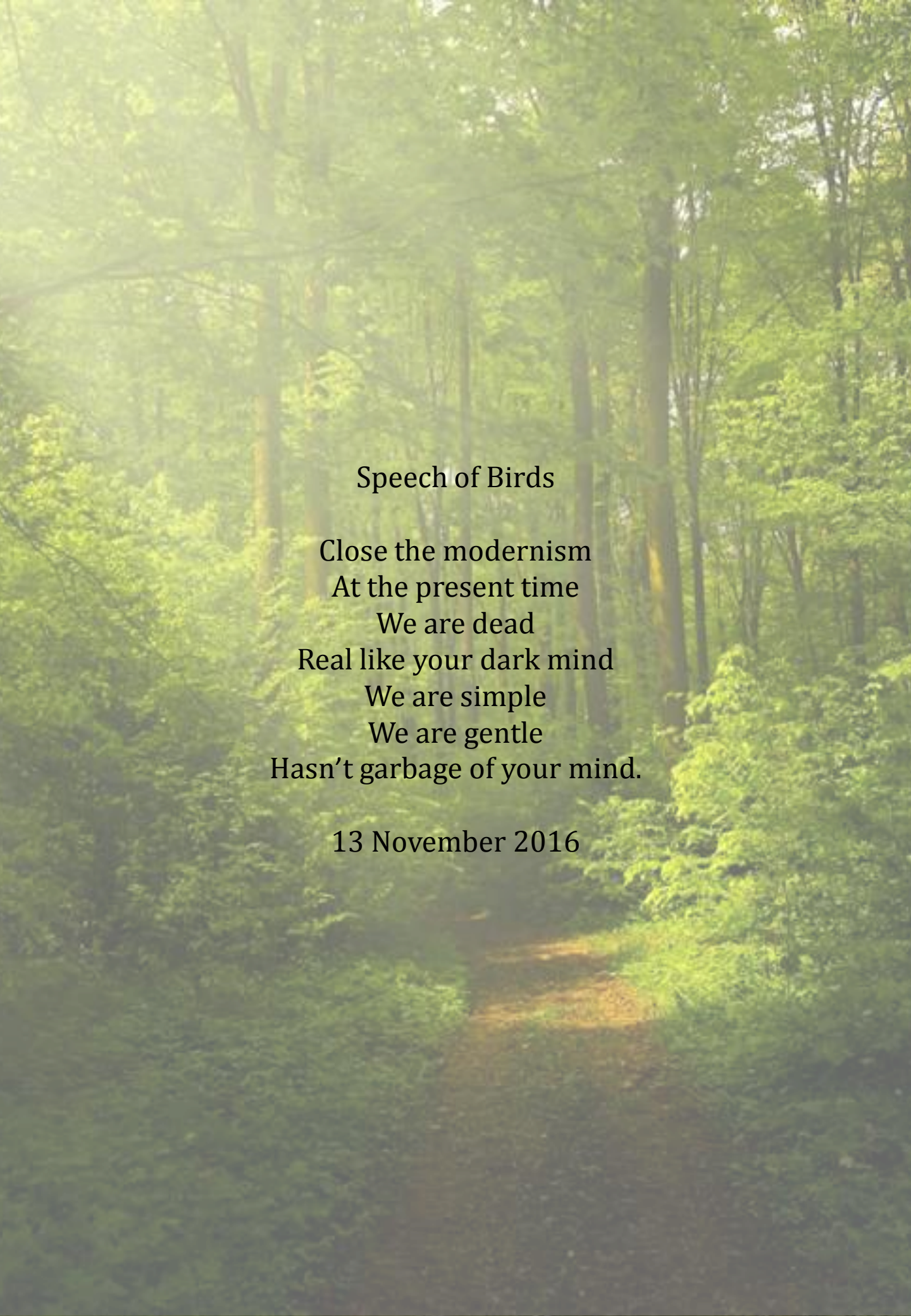
26 October 2016



I Can

I can write many kinds of poems
I can play with fun of games
Red sun rise I saw another day.
I can see leaves are all
I can jump with moonlight fall
White moon rise I saw another way.

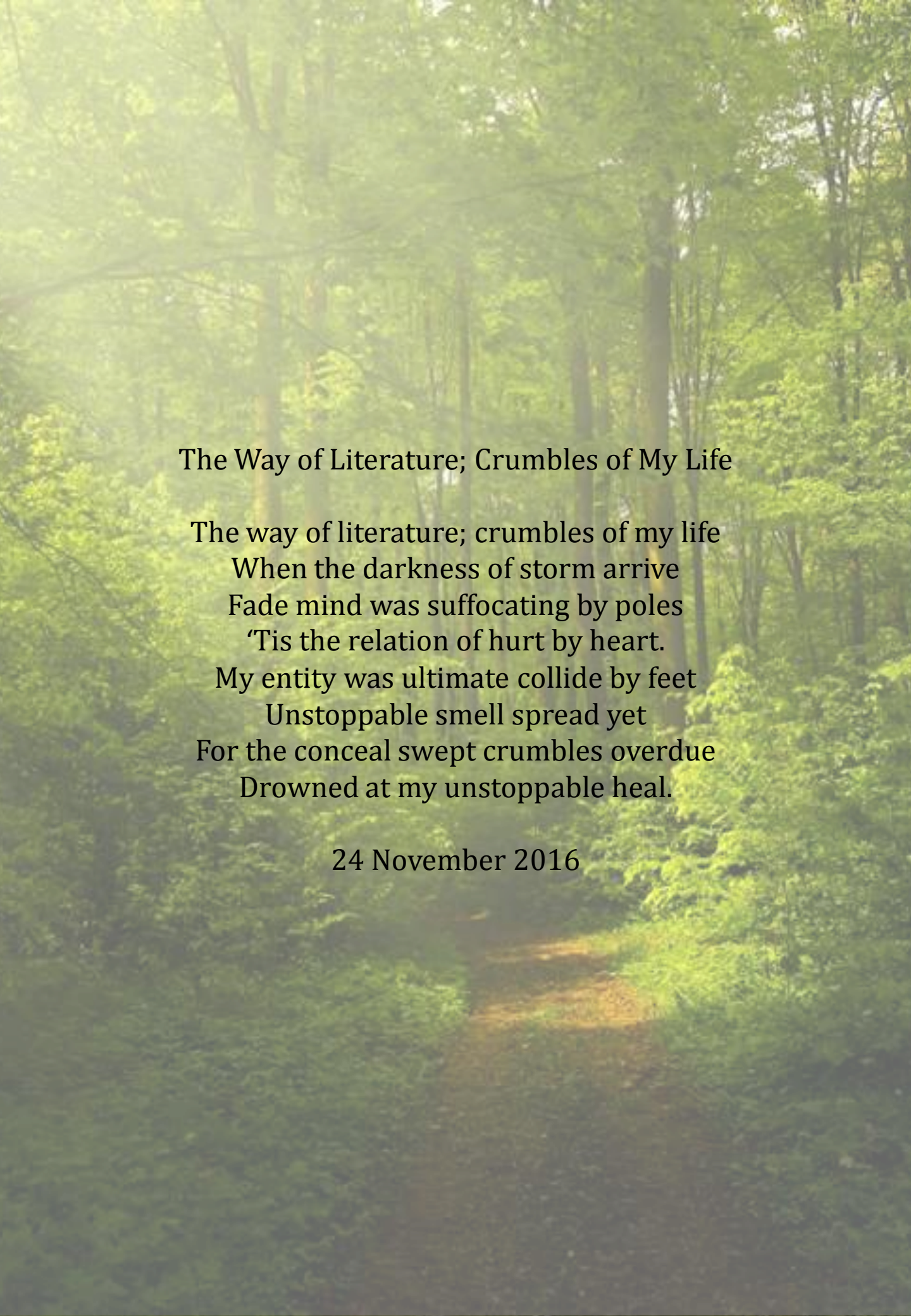
27 October 2016



Speech of Birds

Close the modernism
At the present time
We are dead
Real like your dark mind
We are simple
We are gentle
Hasn’t garbage of your mind.

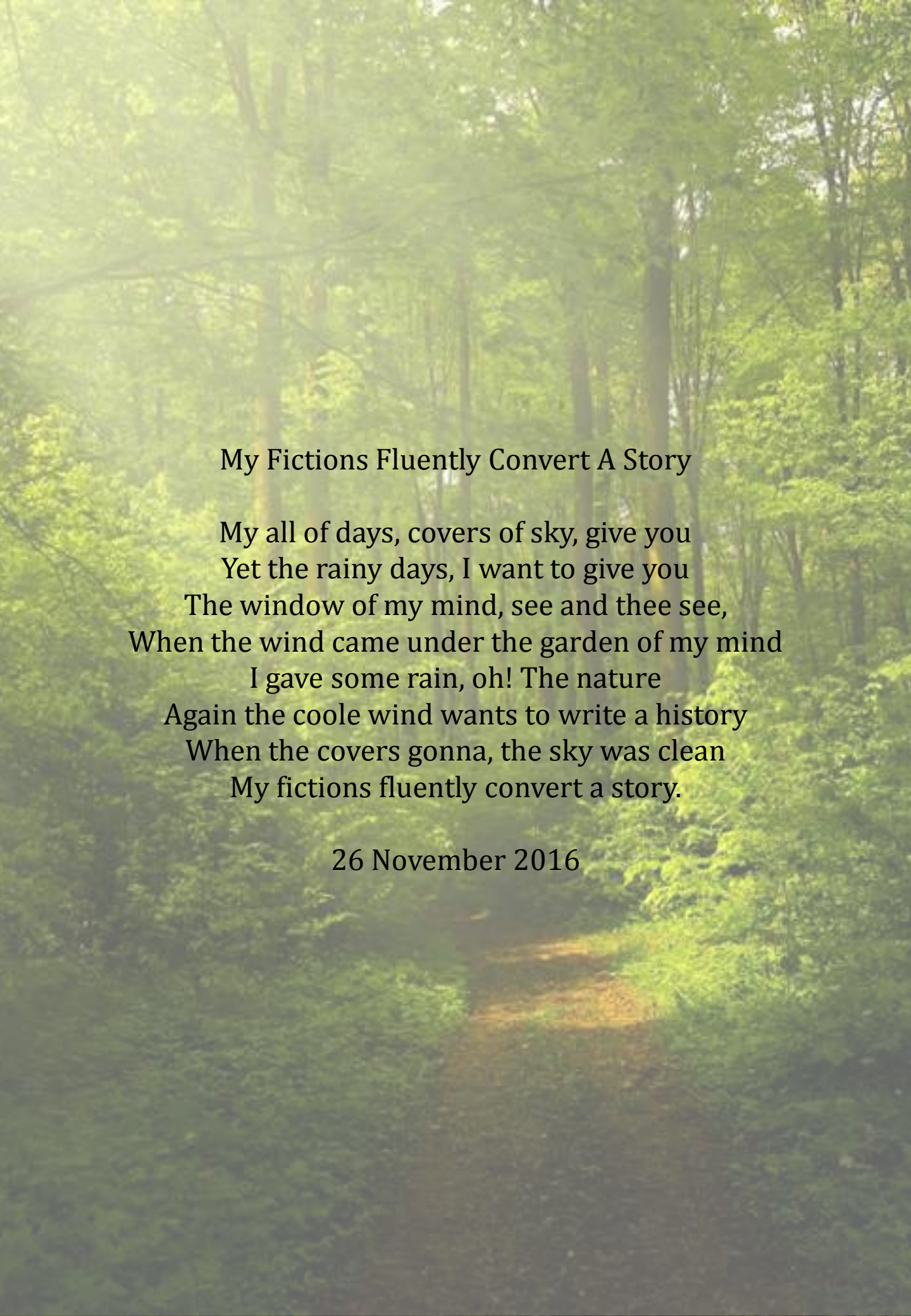
13 November 2016



The Way of Literature; Crumbles of My Life

The way of literature; crumbles of my life
When the darkness of storm arrive
Fade mind was suffocating by poles
‘Tis the relation of hurt by heart.
My entity was ultimate collide by feet
Unstoppable smell spread yet
For the conceal swept crumbles overdue
Drowned at my unstoppable heal.

24 November 2016



My Fictions Fluently Convert A Story

My all of days, covers of sky, give you
Yet the rainy days, I want to give you
The window of my mind, see and thee see,
When the wind came under the garden of my mind
I gave some rain, oh! The nature
Again the coole wind wants to write a history
When the covers gonna, the sky was clean
My fictions fluently convert a story.

26 November 2016

Poems Are Forever

Poems are forever,
They all I need to happy me
They can describe and say me
They can't cheat any one

Poems are forever,
Try to write one line first
When you feel fear and sleepy
They can hurt anyone.

Poems are forever,
They all I need to sparkling me
The can love and walk with me
They can't apart from anyone.

Poems are forever,
Try to give something me
When I swept from mind
They can't suffocating anyone.

26 November 2016

Write Another Day

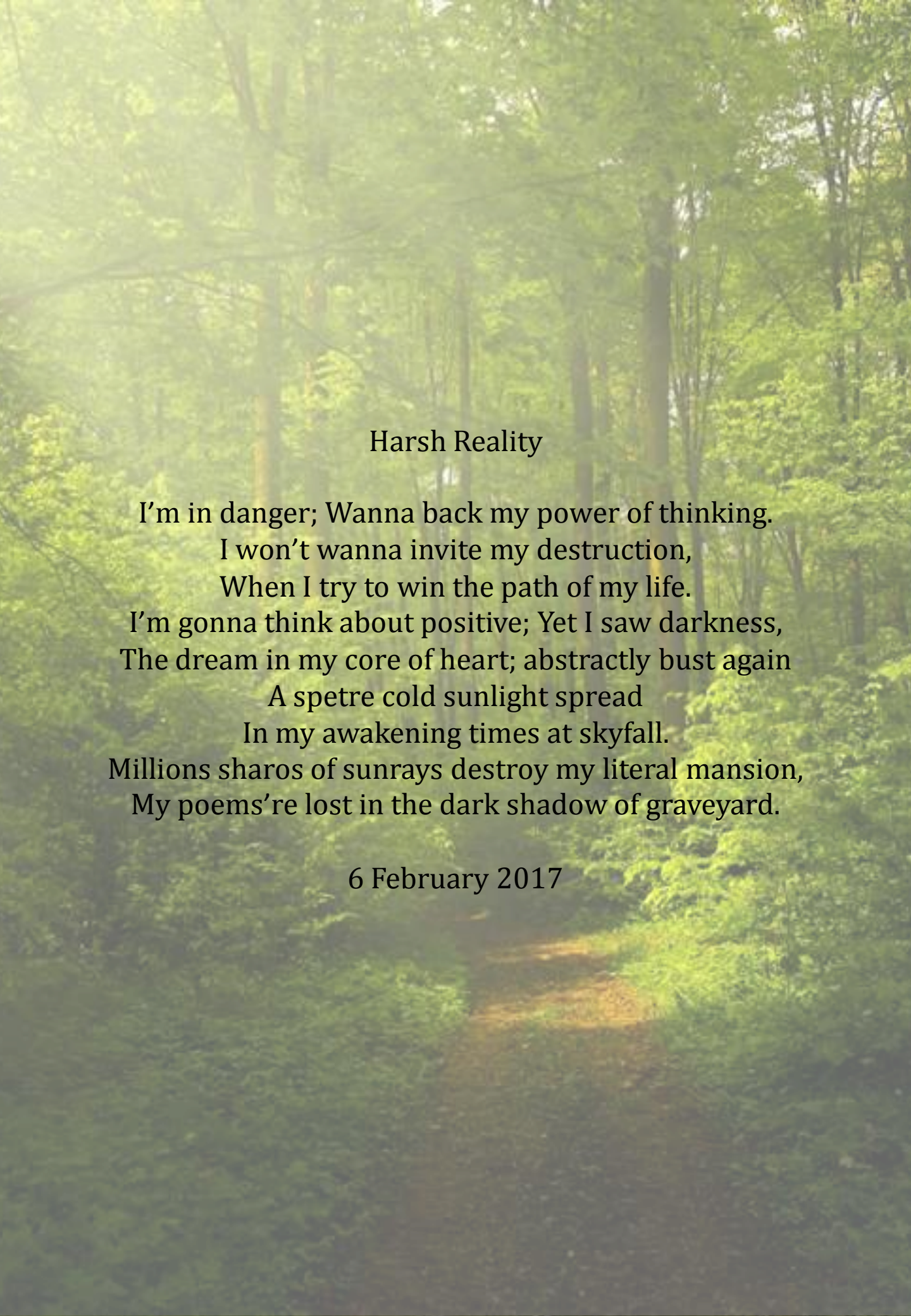
I’m gonna write to yes and no
I’m gonna miss that I know
I’m gonna keep my secrets
I’m gonna close my fingers now.
I guess write another day
I guess I will write another day.
I’m gonna break my rhythm
I’m gonna shake up the system
I’m gonna destroy my ego
I’m gonna close my mind now.
I think, I will done another way
This is the fact, I know
I guess, I will write another way
‘Tis not my time to think.
I’m gonna avoid the comments
I’m gonna suspend my senses
I’m gonna rewrite next Sunday
I’m gonna close my harden book
I guess done no other way
This is the style I know
I guess I will write no other way
‘Tis not my style to write.

30 November 2016

Soul

I don’t want to die in the beautiful world,
Wanna to be live in the realm of humanity.
In this sunlight, in that flower garden
In this living heart yet, get a place!
Ultimate rays catches living plays,
Perfect relation of fulfillers’ sadness and happiness.
Humanity feelings gotta rhythms
Yet can write internal light.
Yet I can’t, so live those times
In your state I went to get
You’re gonna wake up, morning and evening
In new and new rhythm, flowers blow up.
The flower take with smiley face, and then oh!
Drop the flower, yet flower dry.

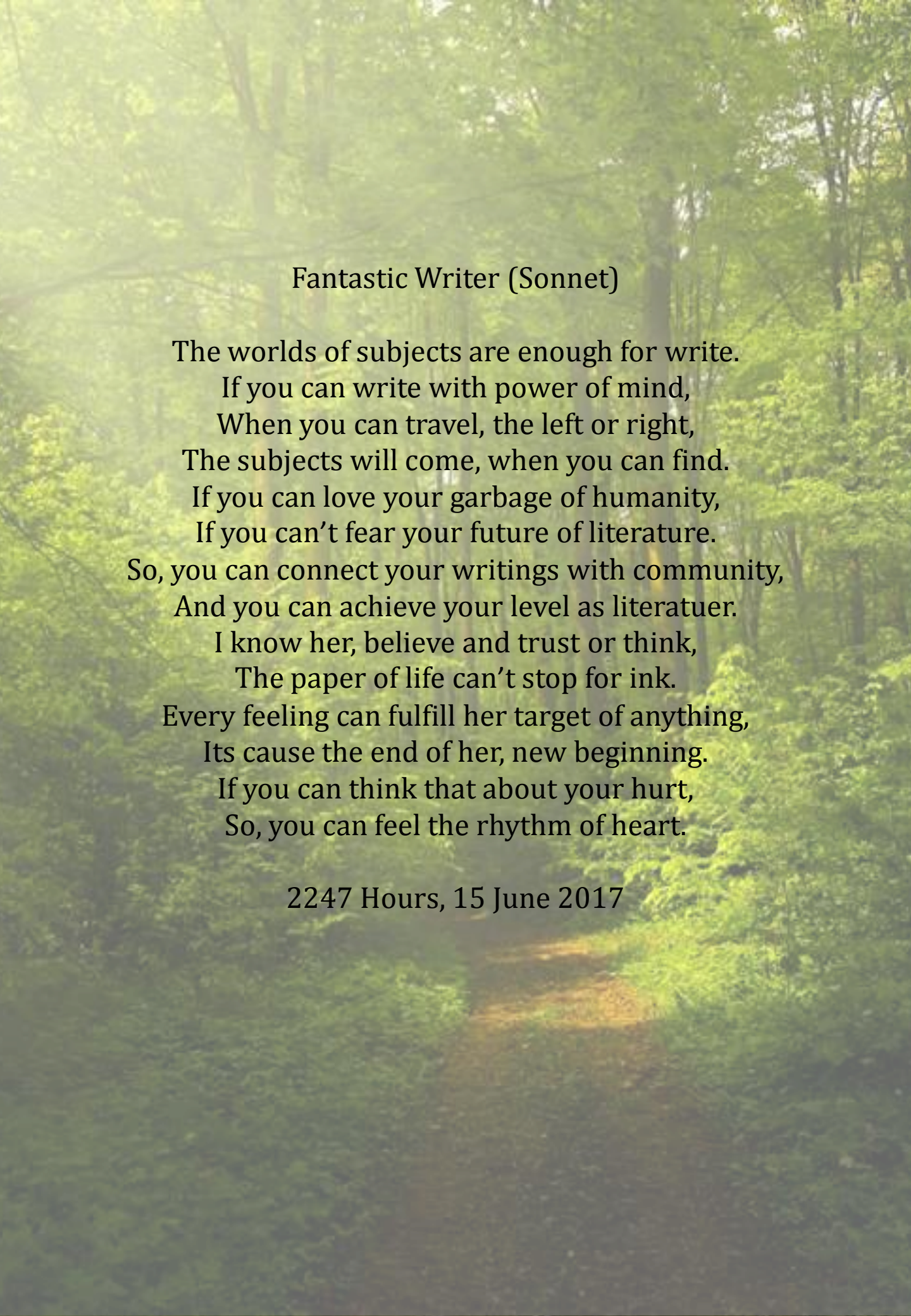
2 December 2016



Harsh Reality

I’m in danger; Wanna back my power of thinking.
I won’t wanna invite my destruction,
When I try to win the path of my life.
I’m gonna think about positive; Yet I saw darkness,
The dream in my core of heart; abstractly bust again
A spetre cold sunlight spread
In my awakening times at skyfall.
Millions sharos of sunrays destroy my literal mansion,
My poems’re lost in the dark shadow of graveyard.

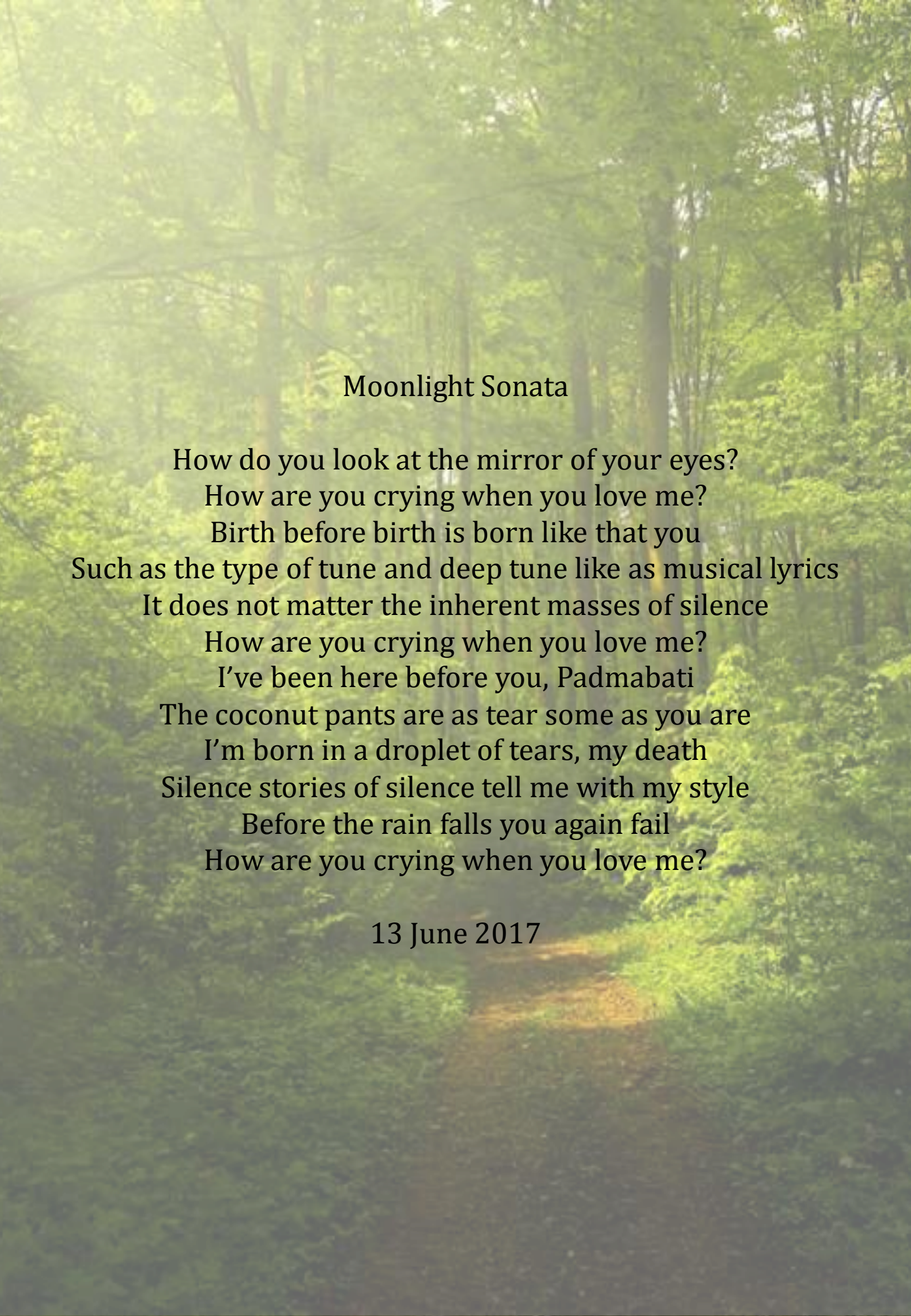
6 February 2017



Fantastic Writer (Sonnet)

The worlds of subjects are enough for write.
If you can write with power of mind,
When you can travel, the left or right,
The subjects will come, when you can find.
If you can love your garbage of humanity,
If you can't fear your future of literature.
So, you can connect your writings with community,
And you can achieve your level as literatuer.
I know her, believe and trust or think,
The paper of life can't stop for ink.
Every feeling can fulfill her target of anything,
Its cause the end of her, new beginning.
If you can think that about your hurt,
So, you can feel the rhythm of heart.

2247 Hours, 15 June 2017



Moonlight Sonata

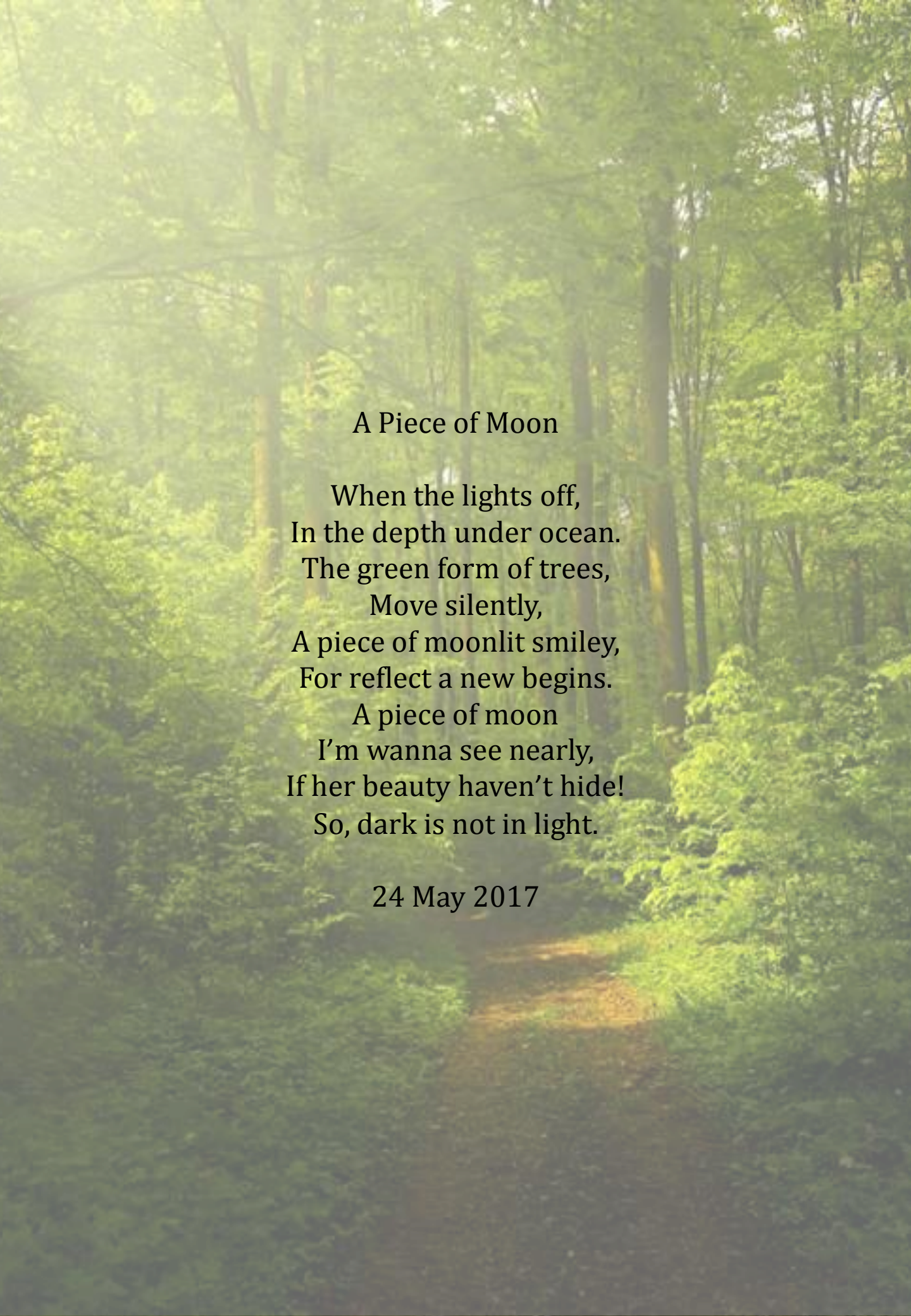
How do you look at the mirror of your eyes?
How are you crying when you love me?
Birth before birth is born like that you
Such as the type of tune and deep tune like as musical lyrics
It does not matter the inherent masses of silence
How are you crying when you love me?
I've been here before you, Padmabati
The coconut pants are as tear some as you are
I'm born in a droplet of tears, my death
Silence stories of silence tell me with my style
Before the rain falls you again fail
How are you crying when you love me?

13 June 2017

Tagore Timeless

Light of reflections on the water,
More than darkness on the depths,
See him surface in literal shadows,
On the wind, I feel his breaths.
Tagore Songs, I found his weakness,
No time for sweetness,
You'll never know how I sung you,
From the rhythm as a tone.
You'll never know how I feel you,
Your songs, your lyrics,
You'll never know the days,
The nights but now my time has come,
And time, time is not on your sides.
See him move through speech and voice,
Feel his presence in the times,
Other fact, your song is not enough,
To give a new hope, not out of life,
Tagore Songs, not light or complex, it'll take forever for sing.
You'll never know how I loved you, from core of my heart,
You'll never know how your works, is my way and target.
It's a gold and honey way, I've got far you tonight,
This time I won't miss, I've got you in my sights.

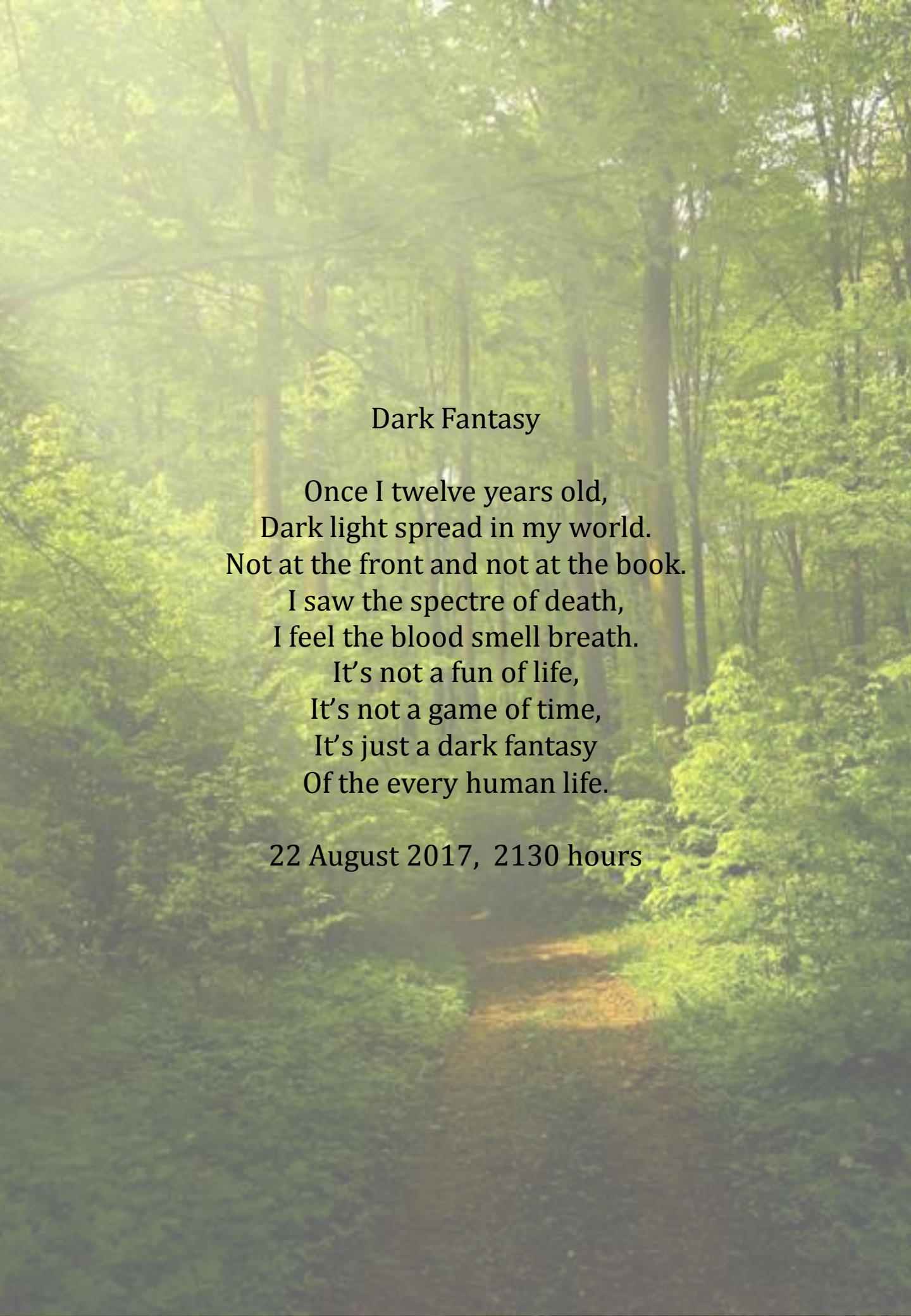
9 March 2017



A Piece of Moon

When the lights off,
In the depth under ocean.
The green form of trees,
Move silently,
A piece of moonlit smiley,
For reflect a new begins.
A piece of moon
I'm wanna see nearly,
If her beauty haven't hide!
So, dark is not in light.

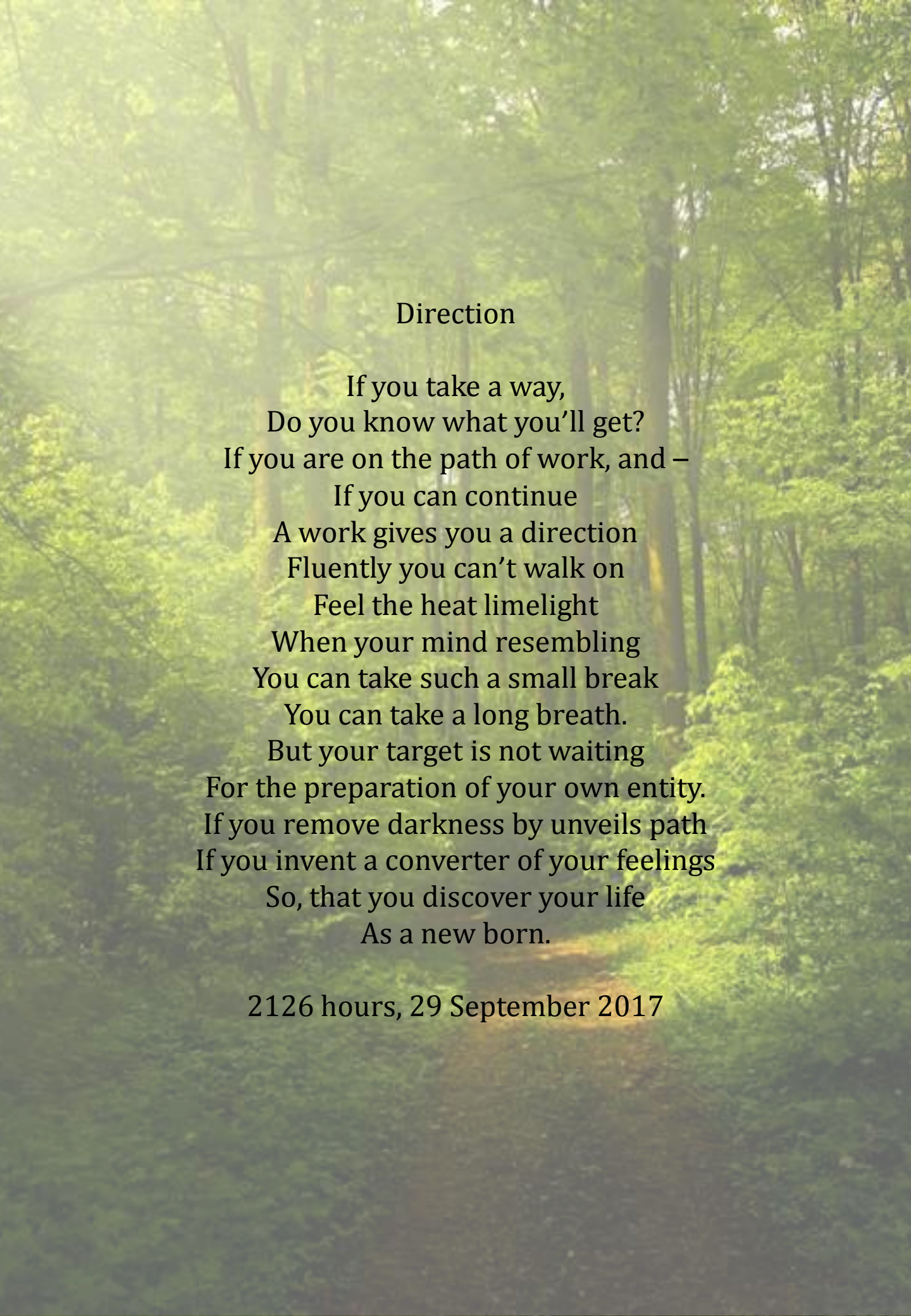
24 May 2017



Dark Fantasy

Once I twelve years old,
Dark light spread in my world.
Not at the front and not at the book.
I saw the spectre of death,
I feel the blood smell breath.
It's not a fun of life,
It's not a game of time,
It's just a dark fantasy
Of the every human life.

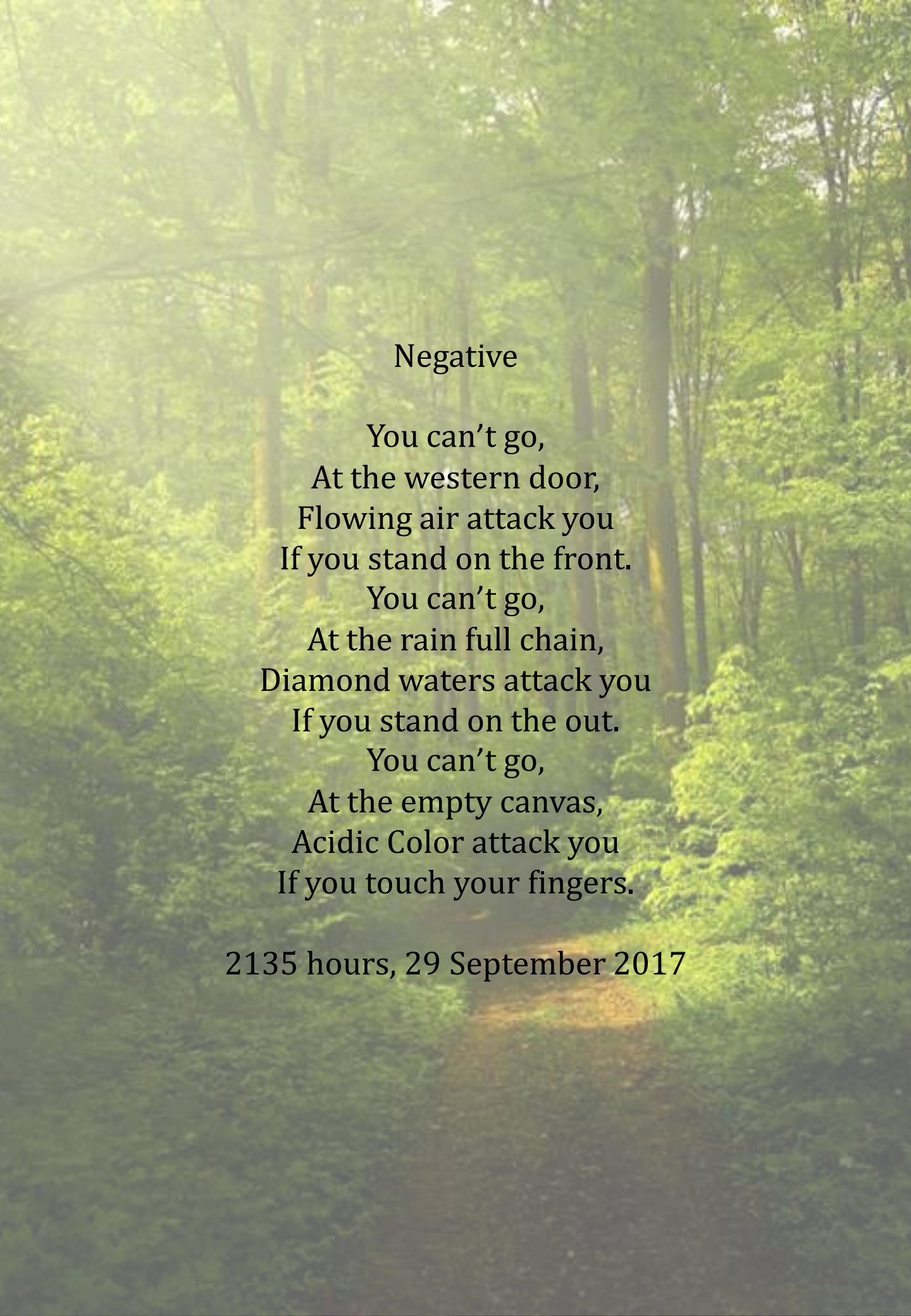
22 August 2017, 2130 hours



Direction

If you take a way,
Do you know what you'll get?
If you are on the path of work, and –
If you can continue
A work gives you a direction
Fluently you can't walk on
Feel the heat limelight
When your mind resembling
You can take such a small break
You can take a long breath.
But your target is not waiting
For the preparation of your own entity.
If you remove darkness by unveils path
If you invent a converter of your feelings
So, that you discover your life
As a new born.

2126 hours, 29 September 2017



Negative

You can’t go,
At the western door,
Flowing air attack you
If you stand on the front.
You can’t go,
At the rain full chain,
Diamond waters attack you
If you stand on the out.
You can’t go,
At the empty canvas,
Acidic Color attack you
If you touch your fingers.

2135 hours, 29 September 2017

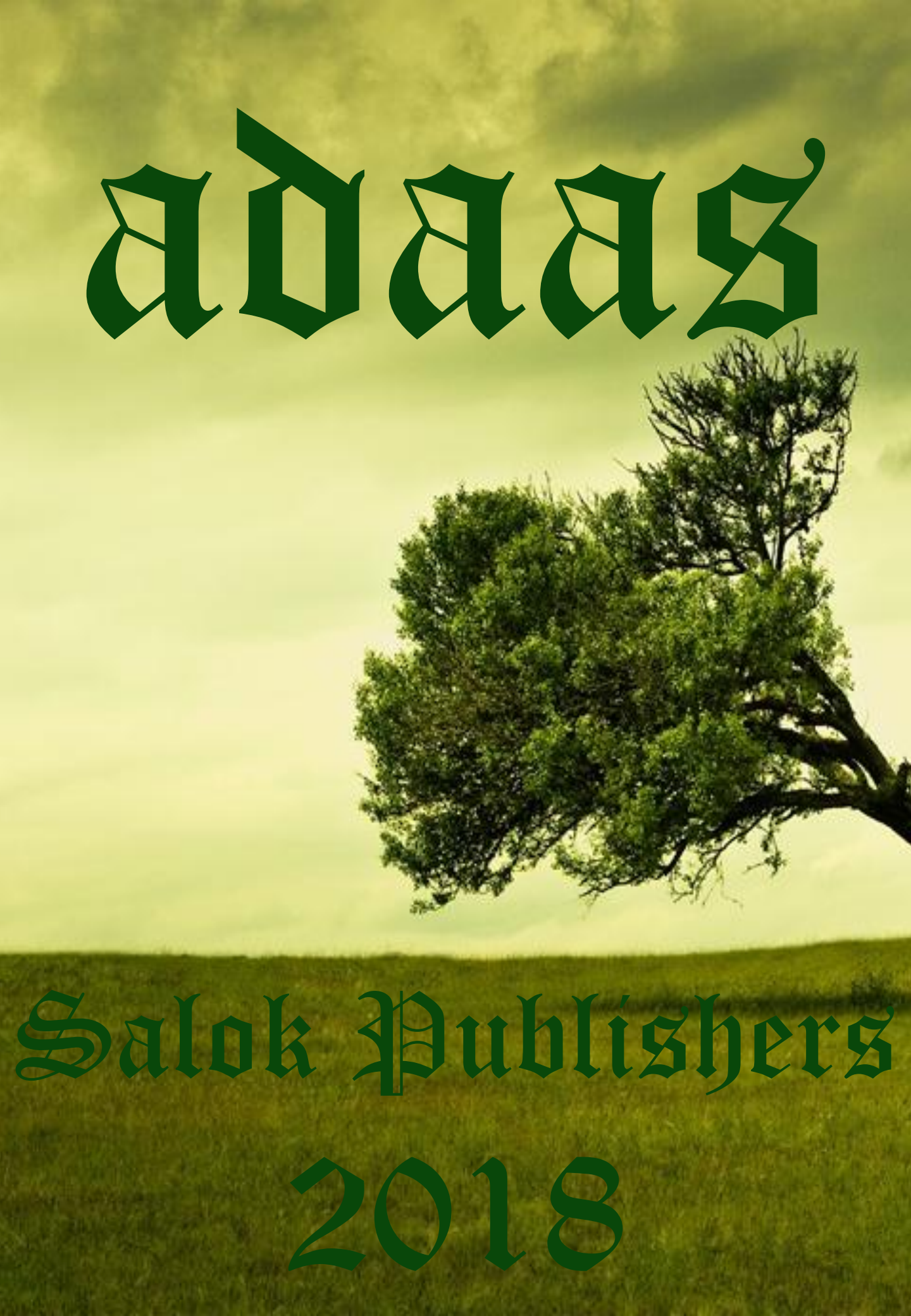
Protest of Circumstances

We truth, we flame, our hearts in vain.
We backed up, never asking why!
We hard, we fell under their hell,
A truth no one could deny
Don’t you ever say we just walked away
We will always want truth
We can’t live a lie, running for our life
We come in like a rebel warrior.
We never hit so hard in states
All we wanted was to break their wrecking walls.

We put our high up in the sky
And now, they’re coming down
It slowly turned, they let us lie,
And now, their bodies ashes on the ground
We never meant to start a war
We just wanted to begin democracy
We guess we should’ve starts now
We're coming to build a new society.

1314 Hours, 23rd April 2018

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Salok Publishers

2018